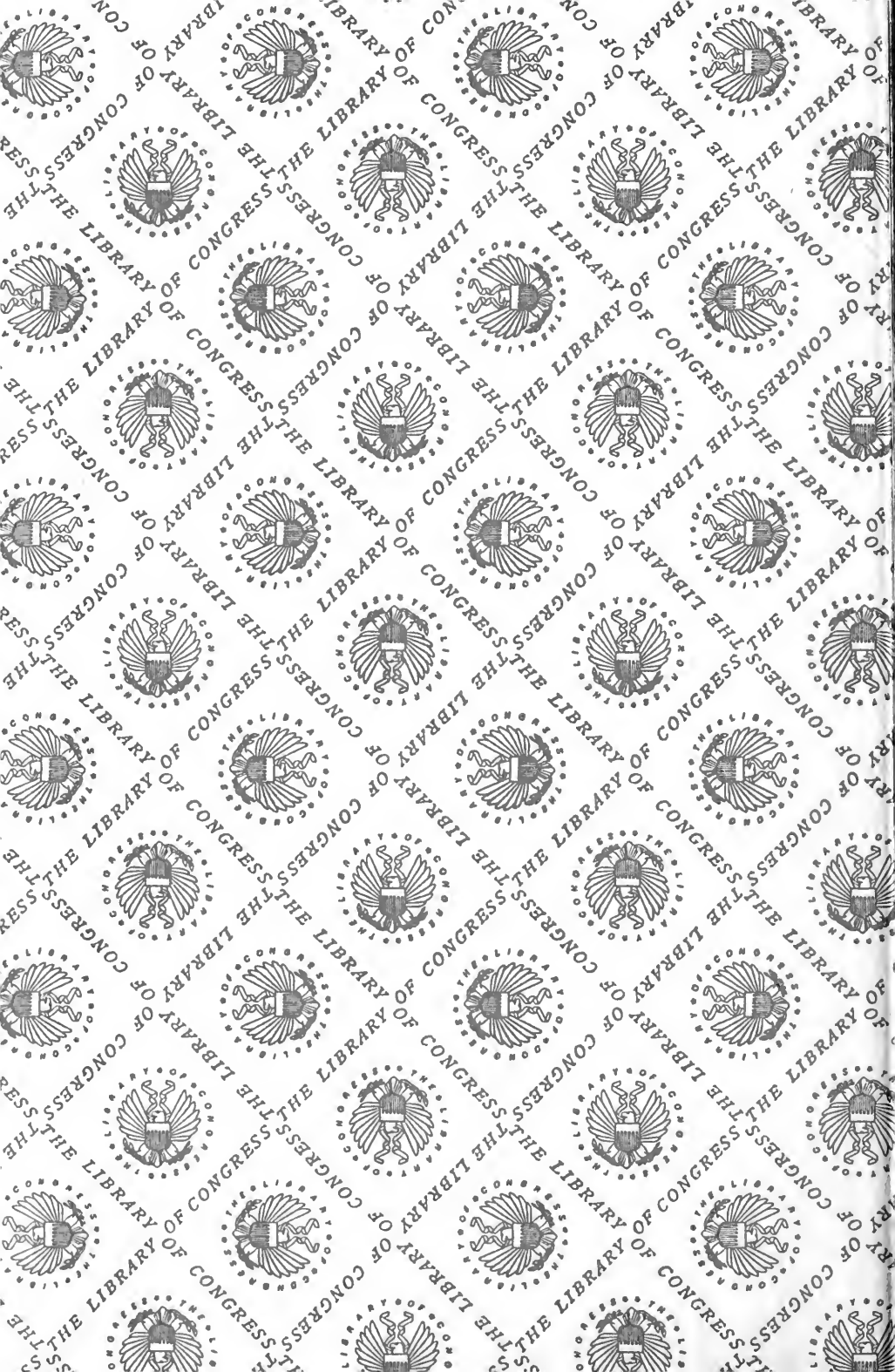
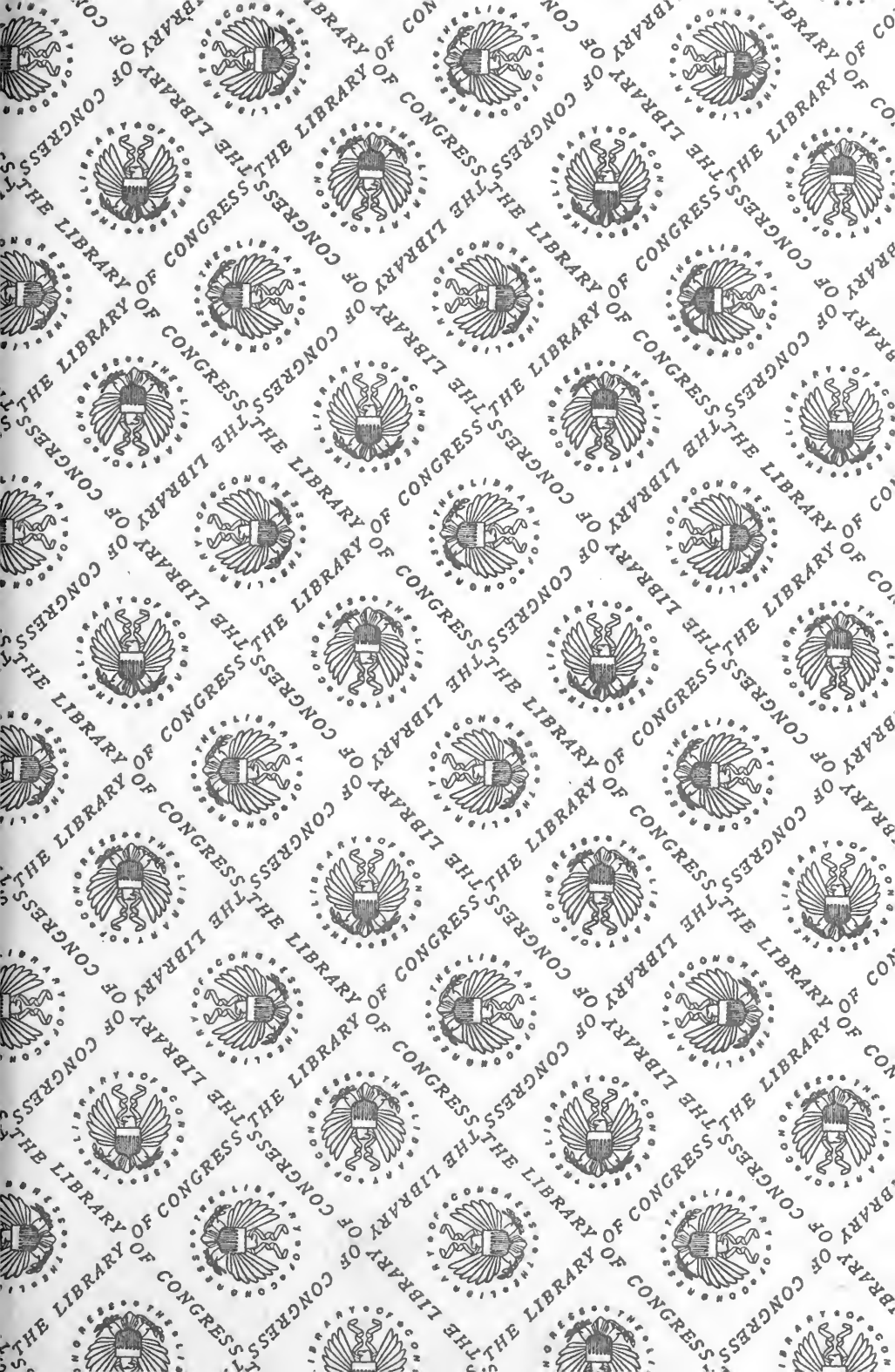


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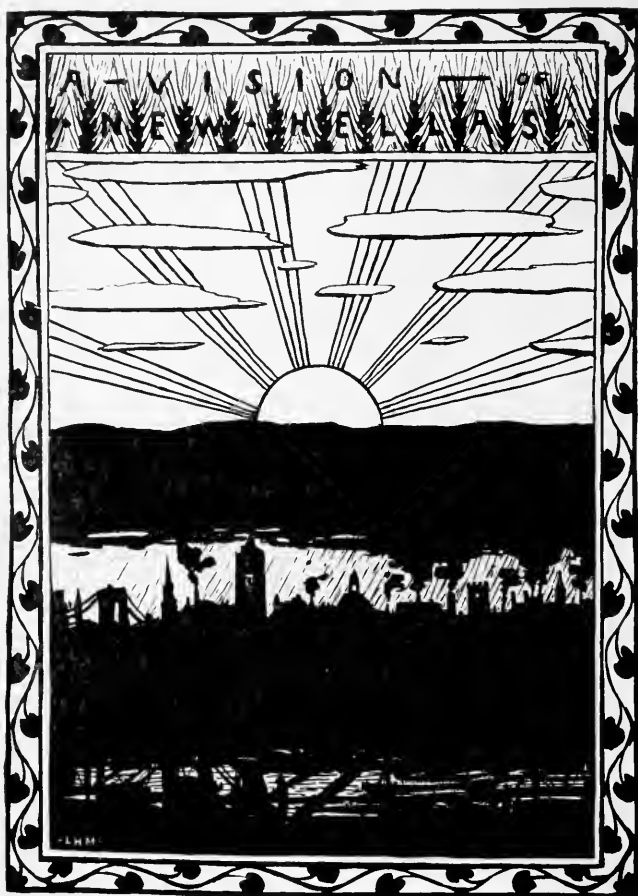


SONGS OF  
AMERICAN DESTINY



THE HISTORY OF  
THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA





"All hail to the God who died—of man's woe, in man's stead;  
now deathless and glorified,—King of the blessed dead!"





**Songs of American Destiny**

**A Vision of New Hellas**

**By William Norman Guthrie**

DECORATED  
BY L. H. MEAKIN



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THE ROBERT CLARKE COMPANY

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To  
CHARLES B. WILBY, ESQ.,  
who sees

*"no reason in nature" for those "hard hearts"*  
*that beat not to rhythm*  
*and rhyme,*  
*this little book is dedicated*  
*in token of friendship.*



## PREFACE.



OR ten years, the maker of these Songs of American Destiny has experimented more or less incessantly with rhythm and rhyme. It has been his desire not merely to acquaint himself practically with the known technique of English verse, but if possible to increase its extant resources.

The Blank Verse of Shakespeare, Milton, Wordsworth and Tennyson has wondrous possibilities—but for lyric work seemed unpromising. Every rhyme system on the other hand was necessarily to some extent mechanical—a preexisting form the molten poesy must fill. That rhythm may vary with mood, betray its ebb, announce its flow, its sudden turn of tide—make calms felt and storms—he had cause to believe from theory; and Heine's North Sea poems, certain scenes of Faust, and pieces by Matthew Arnold like "The Future" verified the theory. Translating Leopardi's "Ginestra" (printed in *Modern Poet Prophets: Essays Critical and Inter-*

## A VISION OF NEW HELLAS

---

pretative, as illustration of the poet's best work) much was learned of the plastic rhythm, picturesque, self-adaptive, in which allignment indicates pauses, usually such as are not syntactic but passional or merely of the verse. "The Lion," which appeared some months past in "To Kindle the Yule Log," was the first experiment that gave its author a sense of success.

In the present work the narrative, the dramatic, the descriptive and the directly lyric portions are thus wrought out in rhythms—very much bound indeed, though the fetters, to be sure, are unapparent. A theme is taken, developed, caused to recur, to assert itself in changed guise, with novel stress, and made to characterize an entire section. For the following stanzas some other theme will serve in like fashion. Should a mood or image reappear the theme previously associated therewith may or may not be pressed into service once again.

As for the dramatic lyrics—formal digressions from the story, efforts at vivid realization of particular figures or moments of the myth—they have been rhymed, but no fixed system was adopted. The rhyme is employed with a full appreciation of its binding energy, its power to hold together looser rhythms,—in fact for its license rather than its tyranny. Besides it sharply distinguished the passages representing song, from those suggestive of

## PREFACE

---

passionate speech. So the orgyastic rhyme recommended itself most especially to the maker of these songs, as serving his peculiar end.

There is a disposition in looking at a work—if not such as has already been often done before—to fault the author for every innovation, charitably excusing him sometimes on the score of youth and ignorance. This preface appears only to compel such critics to an honest blame, one without reserve and apology—or to praise—their eyes open to the risk they run by failing to censure.

In this book no promise is given, but, such as it is, a performance. Let it be considered as that—for good or ill. No true artist wants attention diverted from his work to his person. No true artist wishes his critic to indulge in hopes—but to do his business—criticise, *i. e.* study, and give the public the results of his study. He asks not for advice. He has no need of patronization. Furthermore, the artist should be wholly unreckful of praise or blame however much—yea—overmuch they may concern him as man. The artist hopes to please, to please by what is noble, and knows well that he must also, in his earnest effort to yield novel delight, give offense unto such as make of their past enjoyment a dogma damning the future; appending to their creeds the anathema that shall make new ideas smart because

## A VISION OF NEW HELLAS

---

of their impertinent desire for objective existence (like Homunculus in his crystal) ere yet their vital hope be realized!

The artist asks only that such as have received a thrill—a moment's joy—shall have the courage to speak of it to others, not that he may get praise, but the work do its duty—of making richer the human world in things of the spirit that quicken and delight. To the carpers—let notice be plainly served: this work did not intend to resemble any known performance—or differ from any, for the matter of that. It had one only ambition—to be the self it is. It announces no successors. It dares to claim a free use of the present tense. Let it be then, condemned by the fit—however few—rather than acclaimed as a pledge and promise by careless perusers, and senseless echoers of other men's opinions.

Such arrogance is necessary to the artist's life. Let the public know it can inflict punishment only on the man. For the artist will work on (whether the public purrs, grunts, blinks, winks, looks away,) will never desist from the labor of realizing as best he can such Visions of Beauty as are vouchsafed to him, assured of the truth of Goethe's words: "the Will of Man is his Kingdom of Heaven. A perpetual necessity vexes: impotence in execution is horrible: a continuous volition, however, delights;



## PREFACE

---

and in a mighty will one may take comfort even for the impotence of execution."

Meanwhile, the printer has been instructed (somewhat to his amazement and discomfiture) to dispense with the usual luxury of initial capitals. An allignment shall indicate a pause—a rhythmic one—not a syntactical one unless the allignment be reinforced by punctuation marks. Hence what capitals appear upon the page will facilitate reading, have actual significance.

The thread of the poem is given in a series of marginal rubrics (suggested by the *Ancient Mariner*); but no particular pains have been taken to provide them with independent literary merit. They are for use, not ornament.

Then too with irregular stanzaic structure it seemed distinctly the printer's duty to facilitate reference by numerals.

The "Song of Songs," finally, appears as fourteen poems, so that he who in his sloth of spirit abhorreth a long work—or who like Poe disbelieveth on principle in its right to existence—may read them separately. The Hymns (pieces 3, 5, 7, 9, 10, 14,) could be taken out of their context with relatively slight loss. The remaining eight parts would suffer more or less severely in consequence of such treatment. Still, they are prepared to suffer all things rather than spoil the reader's temper—for theirs at

## A VISION OF NEW HELLAS

---

least can be trusted to seek no revenge by slander of the ill user.

In conclusion, reverting to the matter previously touched upon, it must be clear that no disregard of the reader's prejudices has dictated any innovations; no wish to be singular, no purpose to shock. Hence can not the maker of these Songs ask in all frankness whether the impertinence of him who praises his own work—suggesting that frequent perusals may *possibly* be required for a full appreciation of its merits;—whether such usually unprinted impertinence is more odious—or less—than the conceit of him who publishes what he professes to be ashamed of, asking on editorial knees pardon for the sin he intends committing with poetical feet? What of arrogance which professes itself too poor for notice, and whines if the edition be not straightway exhausted?

Should the maker be mistaken, the sorrow is his and the shame. The reader has lost a few minutes, at most hours—the writer years—some of the best of his life. And yet it is great comfort to the maker that his creation has given him pleasure—that as he surveyed it his soul pronounced no mere “not bad” but a decided “good”—nay to be honest a “very good”—“better than he had hoped”—“better than some readers may deserve.” And he fancies there may be found some of his fellows who

## PREFACE

---

shall feel with him. The chance is at all events better than his who hath experienced before publication most grievous searchings of heart, blushes of hypocritical shame, and tremors of vanity wounded to the quick.

Let the reader be apprized that the beauty of the book to his eye is due to the generous expense of pains and time on the part of the artist, Mr. L. H. Meakin, and the kindly assistance of Mr. J. H. Gest, of the Cincinnati Art Museum, in seeing it through the press. And may not the publishers come in for a share of the purchaser's gratitude—considering that they have attempted to realize an ideal, rather than lose their souls in calculations of sordid cost?

W. N. GUTHRIE.

Cincinnati, October, 1899.



1917

1. The first of the year was a  
 very cold one, with a heavy  
 snowfall on the 1st and 2nd.  
 The temperature was below  
 zero for several days.  
 The snow was very deep,  
 and the roads were very  
 slippery.

2. The second of the year was a  
 very warm one, with a heavy  
 rainfall on the 1st and 2nd.  
 The temperature was above  
 zero for several days.  
 The rain was very heavy,  
 and the roads were very  
 slippery.

3. The third of the year was a  
 very cold one, with a heavy  
 snowfall on the 1st and 2nd.  
 The temperature was below  
 zero for several days.  
 The snow was very deep,  
 and the roads were very  
 slippery.

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1970

## TO THE MUSE



Great was the joy of vision—the surprise  
of its first flash upon my spirit's eyes;  
happy the prospect of poetic work,  
and proud the will no slightest task to shirk  
imposed by One who gave me to behold  
part of his beauty seen by men of old  
in Hellas. Nor could difficulties shake  
my resolution, howe'er sore the ache  
of fevered brow and temples. Whence endued  
was thus my soul with sacred fortitude?  
From whom the patience till the stubborn brain,  
once more obedient to the spirit sane,  
ecstatic toiled? From thee, O best One, came  
the best: thy praise reward sufficient, and thy blame  
in hesitant look and tone, supplying will  
for renewed effort. Thou who dost fulfill  
all prayers of mine for truth, beauty, and good,  
in thine own self, thy blessed womanhood,  
intelligent eye, and subtly smiling lip,  
making earth heaven in the dear fellowship  
of thee and me,—thine be the reader's thank  
if never the song to ground exhausted sank,  
if on it speeded, spurning still low things,  
strong pinions spread of twin imaginings,  
to leap the chasms that broke athwart its course;  
thine be all joy therein—mine the remorse  
that with thy help the song should not surpass  
all songs e'er sung of men. My shame, alas!—  
yet as thine eye, O dearest, I consult—  
in what is thine my soul can but exult.





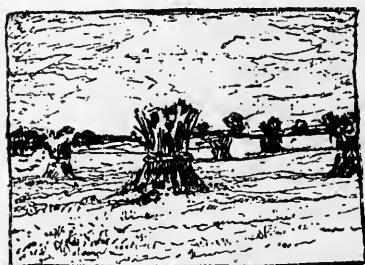


PART I  
THE FORESONG



# A VISION OF NEW HELLAS

---



The civilization of his day, (symbolized by his city in most odious atmospheric conditions,) fills the poet with a disgust of living. Yet he climbs a hill (of Hellenic culture) thence, to take, above the smoke-pall of sordidness, his last look at the heaven of all encompassing beauty.

# THE FORESONG

---



## I

- UT of the town,  
drench'd by a penetrant  
wind-driven dust of rain,  
fast-gluing to the walls soot-flakes  
5 from grimy house-tops swept;  
paving courts, alleys, streets  
with a viscous mire; compacting  
the smoke-roof, propped by towers,  
spires, factory-chimneys, that threaten  
10 under the mass enormous  
to topple, and smother all life  
with gloom and stifling dismay;  
out of the dusk, wet, slime  
of the hideous town  
15 my soul was fain to escape—  
stand on some dominant height  
for a moment,—behold  
once again the heav'n bare,  
vibrant with sun,  
20 or die!



# A VISION OF NEW HELLAS

---



Industry cannot of itself seem noble, nor justify existence. Its modern proportions but belittle the soul.



And trade completes the degradation which industry commences, till the things of the spirit are held



# THE FORESONG

---



## II

For, one forge  
of Hephaestus, the lame God,  
seemed modern civilization.

- A million anvils ring  
25 with the blows of his sledge; to view  
dissolving, on axles of light,  
the huge wheels dizzily gyrate;  
vast,—as of Titans, in Tartarus  
fetter'd,—adamant knees  
30 protrude, fold, stretch  
with an agony rhythmical;  
and the force of their breath  
convulsive, the electric might  
of their anger, by unwearying pull and push  
35 scintillant beams convey  
in the service of  
pigmy man!

## III

- For, modern civilization  
seem'd but the temple profane  
40 whose God,—Hermes of liars and thieves!  
Yards, choking with goods, his courts  
of high praise; ware-houses grim



# A VISION OF NEW HELLAS

---

cheap because  
unfit for barter  
and sale.



Arraigning  
these only Gods,  
these effectively  
dominant ideals  
of his fellows,  
he did not ad-  
mit to himself  
his hope of find-  
ing a consol-  
ation in philos-  
ophy.

# THE FORESONG

---

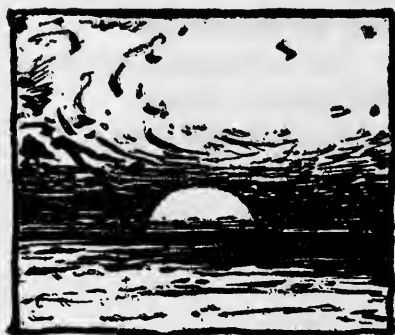
- his places most holy; throng'd marts,  
(the booths, his altars!) shops, stores,  
45 and their counters for sacrifice  
constant—the sacred resorts  
of his popular worship. The streets  
his, with skurry of vehicles,  
whirr, rattle, roar  
50 of cars that transport  
votaries from shrine to shrine.  
On tracks, from all regions convergent,  
snort, bellow,  
shriek, jar with their train,  
55 locomotives, to freight quick and dead  
at phrenetical speed for His sake  
alone, whose victims, whose slaves,  
whose merchandise are all!

## IV

- Hephaestus, artificer lame,—  
60 Hermes, covetous, cunning,—  
Gods of our time,  
what have ye made of the race  
once human? no beauty, no valor, no love!  
Industry?—trade?—an ignoble war,  
65 man clutching the throat of his fellow  
to compel him disgorge his gold!  
Dishearten'd, dispirited,

# A VISION OF NEW HELLAS

---



But when above  
the smoke pall  
of sordidness, he  
found the heav-  
en shrouded by  
vast rain-clouds  
of philosophic  
pessimism and  
of religion false-  
ly so called.





# THE FORESONG

---

yet with one hope unavowed in my soul,  
I climb'd the steep mount of culture  
70 Hellenic, for vision of better things—  
or, a scornful farewell to the world.

## V

Far roll'd soon under my sight  
astonish'd, the black voluminous surge  
of smoke—drear sky of who drudge  
75 in the city below. But, up-looking, my soul  
cried, passionate, for instant release:  
no rift of the heaven so achingly crav'd!  
Overhead, a vague expanse—  
infinite cloud,—  
80 the general despondency thick  
atheistical, whence—cold  
wind-driven dust of rain!  
Nought, nought,  
for the baffled eye of the spirit  
85 but the grey illimitable,  
shredding out rags of willess despair  
loathly loose  
into the flood of crass murk  
infernal, whose tumbling waves at my feet  
90 froth'd pitch!





PART II  
A SONG OF SONGS



# A VISION OF NEW HELLAS

---



There appear-  
eth to the poet a  
vision as of the  
goddess of har-  
vest-home, who  
seemeth com-  
forted of some  
dole by a spirit-  
ual solicitude  
for the weal of  
others, and self-  
oblivious benef-  
icence.

# THE VISION OF DEMETER

---



## THE VISION OF DEMETER

### I

Behold

(if lore of names and of powers  
godly thou have, to assure  
fear-fascinate eyes)

5 and declare,  
O rebellious soul,  
Who she be that walketh  
the welter of reek, as glebe  
blast-plough'd, gust-harrow'd, rain-sown?

10 Mark  
(though shrouded in ample, grey  
mist-robcs,) how shy  
moves she, and hesitant,—  
wont to solitudes only of fields  
15 for miles under noon-sun awave,  
where crickets, incessant  
make hysterical mirth  
lest whispers, (o'er-heard from lips  
not of flesh in shuddering, heavy wheat-ears,)  
20 dismay the silly folk small  
who flutter, creep, bask in the weeds  
or the seams of the tolerant ground.



# A VISION OF NEW HELLAS

---



The poet, awed  
by the diety, is  
drawn by the  
mother in her,  
and recognizes  
the great Dem-  
eter of Eleusis.

# THE VISION OF DEMETER

---

- What shine—  
wistful, unearthly  
25 not glad,—in her eyes?  
(Yet so, under banks dusk-green  
of heart-shap'd shields, fretted  
at edges, hang not the violets  
of coy delight their sweet heads?  
30 peep they not timorous, tear-twinkling  
at foot-sore passers-by?)  
Yea, and not sorrowful  
seemeth her mouth:  
kind, as of one who her best  
35 giveth, for meed no-wise  
of devotion or praise, but of strenuous  
necessity,—love, so great that it knoweth  
itself not, simple,  
serene!

## II

- 40 Who art thou, lofty of stature,  
noble of countenance,—hands  
extended as proffering solace?  
Mother of peace by endurance  
won, and of plenty wrested  
45 thro' sweat and patient abiding  
from soil else barren, I know thee!  
Dumb with awe  
at thy presence, shadowy

# A VISION OF NEW HELLAS

---



The apparition  
or the poet's own  
spirit (which it  
be he cannot  
say) addresseth  
itself to console  
him,

telling the na-  
ture of Deme-  
ter's immortal  
sorrow, which  
sprang of her  
joy in love, and  
her love of joy,



# THE VISION OF DEMETER

---

50 Goddess, (whose virginal breast  
pillowed the turbulent  
sea-lord, earth-shaker Poseidon,)  
dumb should I be, undesirously  
reverend, save that thy mother's  
55 palpitant heart, of tenderness  
infinite for comely Persephone,  
draweth, Eleusynian Demeter,  
to thee!

## III

Nigher she came,  
loving lips parted, and words  
60 sorrow-wise, spake she of counsel,  
of comfort holy (repose  
in tone, in gracious demeanor,  
in wonderful gaze benign;)   
so, that who utter'd I knew not  
65 (a voice in my soul? or the speech  
of her eyes, of her mouth?)  
the soundless confession of truth.

## IV

“Rightly, O son, thou deemest  
most ancient of woe-begone, loving Ones  
70 me! Is there gorge  
of distress impassable, heath snow-bound  
by savage winds harried, sun-scorch'd

# A VISION OF NEW HELLAS

---



## THE VISION OF DEMETER

---

- stony waste, untrod of my feet  
in the day of cruel bereavement  
75 bruise'd sore, and bleeding? Hot tears,  
inconsolable, wept I not  
ages long?—Hearken my tale!  
The queen of plough'd lands, purple-mantled  
at dawn of the year, (through the quiet  
80 winter-nights wooed) to the storm-god of sea  
a daughter I bore. From babe  
in few days (or so seem'd they)  
miraculously budded she, bloom'd she  
to maidenhood gracious,—as sunbeams  
85 light-footed, like wells that up-bubble  
laughter-brimming. For hers,  
all bursting buds; hers, all uncurling  
fronds tender; all leaves, (golden-pale  
ere the sky of its blue tint them green,)  
90 hers alone: most lov'd, most lovable,  
yea, and of spirits the loveliest. Yet she  
daughter of Goddess  
immortal, (mighty to bless, to curse  
with abundance or famine,) yet she,  
95 daughter of God  
terrific, (whose wave steeds foamy-man'd neigh  
as they run, paw, leap, fierce-rending  
with bitless mouths the wrecks of stoutest-  
bow'd ships,  
she, she, rap'd of the fearful gloom,

# A VISION OF NEW HELLAS

---



and also how  
she was com-  
forted in her be-  
reavement by a  
vision of the joy  
at the core of  
things, and all  
enfolding, — a  
joy sincere, un-  
ironical, self-  
communicative

# THE VISION OF DEMETER

---

- 100 bride of death, queen of hell? She  
not undying? Bare wold, cold flood  
eternal?—yet she—  
the blossom sea-father'd, earth-mother'd, she, she  
perisheth?
- 105 Ev'r under heav'n hath woman, hath man  
known pangs that I suffer'd not  
direr, acuter? The evil-eyed, gloating,  
my torment, insatiate, beheld. Not mine  
the refuge of silence that brooks
- 110 no intrusion; to life  
without end, to despair  
everlasting, doom'd!"

## V

- “But out of the bed-rock of grief, stark,  
gelid,—no Zeus-hurl'd bolt
- 115 could shatter,—of its own extreme  
tension asunder cloven, forth-gush'd  
Solace, a crystal-pure fount, that quench'd  
(as I stoop'd me fever-hot lips  
to cool) the death-thirst. Then I hated no more
- 120 the order unchanging of causes, the chain  
link in link of events without first  
without last. Then, no more  
wept I, perversely, to see the sun's vigor  
of youth unabated; and over the shift

# A VISION OF NEW HELLAS

---




Learning that  
death is the  
author of life's  
glory, she wept  
no more for the  
lost Persephone.




# THE VISION OF DEMETER

---

- 125 and drift of low cloud, star-radiant still  
the blue firmamental,  
unwrinkled with thought. Then, then  
I perceiv'd, the Rapture (in all that is  
latent, and far out-reaching beyond  
130 the uttermost nought) implied for cark and care  
human no scorn derisive:—reckless  
of mind-fret and heart-ache (strange  
to itself, and irrelevant) wherefore?—if not,  
in moment of passion's lull, hush  
135 of fury's exhaustion,—audibly sweet  
as a peace divine to intrude  
at length in the sufferer's soul?"
- 

## VI

- "Aidoneus! Aidoneus  
Him I had curs'd, bride-deflowerer,—mock  
140 at sport with rent petals, dead leaves,—  
blighter,—scatterer—  
spurner underfoot of the fair—  
whom never at heart (since hateful, sullen,  
foul,) I believ'd to be God,—in his very  
145 Self appear'd to me then, of living things  
maker; deviser of form, and of increase  
in might; cherisher, fosterer  
silent of beauty; whose mystical touch  
worketh wonders forever! Astonish'd,
- 

# A VISION OF NEW HELLAS

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# THE VISION OF DEMETER

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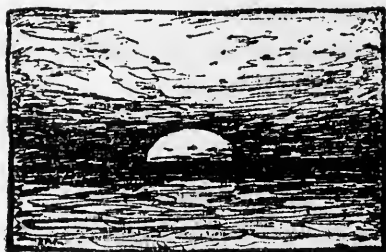
- 150 yet more I marvell'd that ever  
woe-misted these eyes of mine  
so blind became to mis-read  
the myth of the seasons recurrent. For, lo,  
is it not He who clippeth of wheat,  
155 of rye, the tresses ripe-sunny? and who  
if not He with flail of affliction  
from full sheaf driveth, (relaxing  
the hold of kindly husks) the bare grain?  
And whose if not His the harsh breath,  
160 to shrill tunes of scorn, as flurry  
of fine snow whirling aloft, under drear skies  
ashen,  
the chaff? From my hand, tight-clench'd, 't is He  
snatcheth the choicest for seed  
in darkness to waste, damp-swollen,  
165 and rot? Yet who if not He (as the corn  
under sun for nurture of men  
ground, cometh in blush of maid, glow of youth,  
battle's might,  
cometh in mother's milk, joyous cry, laugh  
of babe,)  
who if not he in due season  
170 biddeth arise the new year's  
vaster harvests, ghost-pallid? Aidoneus, who,  
if not Thou  
God of death?"

# A VISION OF NEW HELLAS

---



And that mortal grief might have immortal cure, she shared her heavenly wisdom with such as experienced anguish like hers.



# THE VISION OF DEMETER

---

## VII

- “Wherefore, summer’s Goddess, a rite  
175 faithful and holy of loyal  
sons I exact, whensoever thro’ rich loam  
by steer-drawn plough the furrow is cut:—  
with solemn jubilation, therein  
newborn shall be laid an infant—the token  
180 that life (yea theirs, as of wheat, as of rye)  
upspringeth from th’ gloom, death-begotten. For  
my soul,  
when the sense it conn’d of the mystery  
erst indiscernible, cull’d (dejected  
no longer) wholesome fruit—heart’s ease,  
185 quiet cheer of well-doing—to men  
grief-smit the deep lore imparting in grove  
Eleusynian. And none whom I taught  
fear’d darkness thereafter, nor dust, nor cold sweat  
at the close. Aidoneus, of terrors  
190 grim King, most ruthless I showed to them. Her,  
(whom folk in their folly awful  
fabled, the daughter of Styx stagnant river  
corrupt, inexorable Queen  
of Hades,) to all I revealed as none  
195 other than pure Persephone, her lap  
heap’d with red poppies—oblivion  
of ache, of vexation,—yea and with white  
poppies,—dream hopes of a whiter

# A VISION OF NEW HELLAS

---



# THE VISION OF DEMETER

---

- dawn. So the grief  
200 O my son, thenceforth at parting  
in glee of welcome is swallowed. The end  
lo! no end,—but start  
more exultant; the cycle of life no tedious  
round,—a ring for processional dance;  
205 and behold, even I, mother Earth, the venerable,  
wax youthful again  
and singing, singing with a myriad myriad  
stars through the thrill'd heaven's vastitude whirl,  
blissful; for, ever to Aidoneus content  
210 I surrender my children, whom Aidoneus again  
forever restoreth  
more mighty, more fair!"



# A VISION OF NEW HELLAS

---



From the horizon's edge com-  
eth sound of  
singing.



When the words  
wax intelligible  
they prove to  
be a greeting to  
Demeter;



# THE COMING OF DIONYSUS

---

## THE COMING OF DIONYSUS

*α*

215 The words of Demeter  
in my ears still tremulous,  
persuasively sweet;—wind-wafted  
from the mingling of cloud-sky dun  
and the unquiet sea of dinginess—  
Voices as of maidens, for an alien grief  
220 tear-dew'd, but at heart  
life-glad, came gradually  
closer and clearer:—

*β*

Why sigh we and cry we, as nigher we draw  
to her,  
appall'd by her tallness and awful demeanor?  
The violence and silence of Hades are law to her,  
225 yet wailing seem'th sweeter Demeter to thee,  
weeping than smiling, howling than laughter!  
Griev'd One, bereav'd One, thy child—hast  
thou seen her?  
Time now brings showers; yet unfailingly after  
calls the gay hours to delight us, yea, dry away  
230 tears from all eyes, while our doubt-clouds fly  
away  
from the bright of the sky, and are drown'd  
in the sea!

# A VISION OF NEW HELLAS

---



but the singers,  
it is clear, ignorant of her comfort,  
misconceive her mood;



and, wearying  
of lament, resume the praise  
of their chosen deity, as though  
the salutation to another might  
seem disloyal.





# THE COMING OF DIONYSUS

---

*a*

- 235 So fresh were the Voices  
and so full, youth-cheery,  
irresistible;—smiles straight followed  
in the wake of the sage words sung  
to a distinct rhythm of dance;  
and the mother of Persephone, the gracious,  
replied,  
sweet-smiling to me.  
240 Once more, swell'd closer  
the melodious chorus:—

*β*

- Ho! go you and show you a holier joy in him,  
employ you your voices in boisterous hollos,  
for know you not, know you not Semele's boy  
in him,  
with whom you would toy once, you coy  
Ones, of old?  
245 Noisily extol him, lowly sue him!  
Woe doth he sow and a joy-crop follows.  
Lo! you owe homage and honor unto him!  
Grow you, O grow you, O vines of his  
choosing,  
flow you, O flow you, O grapes of his bruising,  
250 to the glory alone of your God of the bold!

# A VISION OF NEW HELLAS

---

The sire of  
their God, ack-  
nowledges his  
glorious son;



whereupon the  
maenads (fe-  
male devotees of  
Dionysus) ap-  
pear, and encir-  
cle Demeter,

# THE COMING OF DIONYSUS

---

a



255 Then knew I, unseen yet,  
the devout blithe singers.  
But suddenly, loud roar'd Zeus,  
the cataclysmal. His clouds broke, cloven,  
and a bolt clear'd the atmosphere.  
Luminous the azure of the heavens through  
the rift  
burst happily in;  
sun-showers stream'd laughing  
from the frayed storm-edges.

r

260 The surge of crass murk  
froth'd pitch no longer:—  
bronze-red, ablaze,  
hurtling to foam of gold,  
spurting quick spray of fire,  
265 tumbling in glory.  
For, leaping and crying,  
a rout of wild women,  
with faun-skins loose-vested,  
limbs gleaming, locks flying in whirl  
270 orgyastic, surrounded the mother  
majestic and calm:—

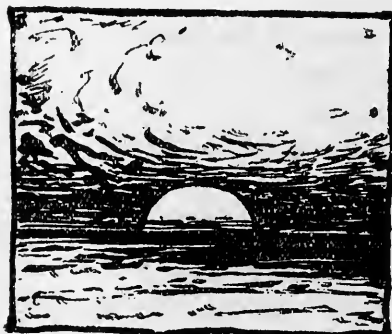


# A VISION OF NEW HELLAS

---



singing of the  
expected advent  
of Bacchus;



of his miracu-  
lous divine be-  
getting and of  
his beautiful hu-  
man birth;



# THE COMING OF DIONYSUS

---

δ

He cometh, he cometh, (T' is he! 'tis he!)  
young again from barbarous Thracia,  
to Icaria, the wild; o'er the isles of the sea  
275 from Phrygia, the rocky, and Asia!  
From the gloom  
of the tomb  
he came, he came—  
God of gush,  
280 God of flow,  
the same, O the same  
God of flush  
and of glow,  
and the uproar of flame.

δ

285 Oh! heard ye not, heard ye not told and retold  
the story of his wonderful birth?  
begott'n of the Highest, he is God of the bold;  
of the Fairest born, God of their mirth!  
Speak out,  
290 shout, shout  
his name, his name!  
God of wine,  
God of ire,  
the same, O the same  
295 of divine  
mad desire  
of the death-leap, and fame!

# A VISION OF NEW HELLAS

---



of his virgin  
mother, now  
beyond carnal  
stain;



of Zeus's woo-  
ing, and recog-  
nition, by her,

of her rapture  
in the God.



# THE COMING OF DIONYSUS

---

ε

300 Blessed Semele,—virgin  
who daredst to die  
thy glory to merge in  
that of Zeus the most high,—  
passion-whirls that we surge in  
thy feet cannot wet;  
305 rejoice, O white virgin  
where suns never set!

ε

310 The God of heav'n saw thee  
and lov'd thee, and wooed;  
lest his glory o'er-awe thee  
as shepherd he sued;  
but thou knewest him, Bride of God,  
thro' the human disguise,  
sweet Joy of God, Pride of God,  
Light of his eyes!

ε

315 "O Zeus, who didst fashion it—  
my body be thine,  
so thou flash forth, God passionate,  
thy glory divine."  
In delirious surrender  
of rosy-hued flesh  
320 Thou didst cry: "Slay with splendor,  
and create me afresh!"

# A VISION OF NEW HELLAS

---



The maenads  
see their God a-  
far, and forget  
his birth in him.





# THE COMING OF DIONYSUS

---

ô

He cometh, he cometh! 'T is he, even he,  
son of Semele!—Hail, Dionysus,  
from the low, and the mean, and the base to set  
free,—

325 from ourself, to thy height to entice us!  
God fearless,  
God peerless,  
O come, O come!  
At thy glance  
330 who, O God,  
can be dumb? can be dumb?  
Tread the dance,  
that ye trod,  
to flute, pipe, and drum!



# A VISION OF NEW HELLAS

---



A young maenad praises Dionysus as God of elemental fire.

# DIONYSUS, THE ELEMENTAL

---



## HYMN TO DIONYSUS THE ELEMENTAL.

### I. *A Young Maenad Singeth :*

335           Stay  
              near us  
              to cheer us  
              dire  
              God  
340           of the panting heat !  
              Pray  
              hear us,  
              hear, hear us !  
              Fire-  
345           shod  
              be thy alighting feet,  
              that in spasm  
              volcanic  
              thy mount may awake,  
350           rend open a chasm,  
              and with panic  
              earth shake !  
              From the crater,  
              Titan-hater,  
355           let the lava-streams fall,



# A VISION OF NEW HELLAS

---



All the younger  
maenads laud  
him as God of  
raging water-  
streams, and of  
luxuriant plant-  
growth.

# DIONYSUS, THE ELEMENTAL

---

360                   and char  
                    near and far  
                    as they luridly crawl.  
                    In thick dark  
                    sow the spark  
                    to enkindle the pine:  
                    higher, higher  
                    leap thy fire  
                    with a thunder divine!

## II. *Semi-Chorus of Young Maenads:*

365   God of swollen springs bursting; torrent-roar of  
                    wild force,  
      uprooting the trees, and damming its course;—  
      of floods, boulder-rolling, to the plain down-  
                    hurl'd;—  
      of the landslip that crasheth on a slumbering  
                    world;—  
      Dionysus, thy ravage  
370   at length hath an end:  
      for thy violence savage  
      is the wrath of a friend.  
      Lo! thy vast vegetation  
      upshooteth to cloak  
375   the old devastation  
      with pine, laurel, oak.

# A VISION OF NEW HELLAS

---

An older maenad prays to Dionysus as God of secret treasures.



All the older maenads extol him as the God

# DIONYSUS, THE ELEMENTAL

---

## III. *An Older Maenad Singeth:*

- O God of the mysteries hid below ground,  
of the bed  
of thy red  
380 gold gloom-hoarded,  
keep them ever impenetrable to light and to sound  
from the smutch  
of the clutch  
of the sordid.  
385 So, the mystical treasures in deeps of man  
are thine only, O God, with glad eye to scan.  
Yet, at times (as thy river  
Pactolus  
of old  
390 for thy faithful adorer  
wash'd up nuggets of gold)  
when the anguish grows sorer  
than proud souls can bear,  
with glimpse of our God-self, Life-giver,  
395 console us,  
and vanquish our human despair!

## IV. *Semi-Chorus of Older Maenads:*

Man from good unto better must go,  
from better, ev'r on to the best:

# A VISION OF NEW HELLAS

---



of immortality  
and spiritual vi-  
sion.





# DIONYSUS, THE ELEMENTAL

---

- thy guest in the life that we know  
400 is in death, that we know not, thy guest.  
God, marshaler of spirits victorious  
too great for earth longer to house,  
lead us, lead us to a world more glorious  
to revel in with thee and carouse!
- 405 Thy grape-blood burns in our veins,  
and with madness our brains  
are on fire! are on fire!  
We rise with thee, God, from the real  
to explore the eternal ideal—
- 410 inspire us, inspire us, inspire!  
Heaven's freedom from earth-bonds that bind us  
let our spirits, O God, anticipate.  
For a moment the shadows that bind us  
dissipate! dissipate! dissipate!
- 415 We follow thee on, we follow—  
skim the air more swift than swallow!  
O ye wicked, ye fools, he hath sapp'd your  
foundations of carnal joy!  
Your lies no more shall win you us:
- 420 ours, ours the ecstatic rapture  
of the Gods (Evoi! O Evoi!)  
the rapture of onrush continuous!  
(Evoi! Evoi!)

# A VISION OF NEW HELLAS

---

Together all the  
maenads hail  
him as the Ti-  
tan-slain God  
who secureth  
everlasting  
blisses for the  
faithful.



# DIONYSUS, THE ELEMENTAL

---

## V. *All the Maenads in Chorus:*

425 All hail to the God who died  
of man's woe, in man's stead,  
now deathless and glorified,  
King of the blessed dead!  
Maenads, wave, wave your  
green-flaming thyrsus  
430 as you leap for his praise in the whirl of the dance:  
hail, hail him the Saviour  
of incredible mercies,  
Lord eternal of fate, God the master of chance!



# A VISION OF NEW HELLAS

---



Demeter mak-  
eth known unto  
Dionysus her  
office of consol-  
er, eliciting the  
human out of  
the torture of  
mankind.

# THE COLLOQUY

---



## THE COLLOQUY

### I

435 Their hymn of worshipful praise  
declaring the godhead  
occult of their Lord, to a close devout  
sung,—a stillness  
ensued; and Demeter, lifting  
her eyes to those of the flush'd  
440 divine youth, became  
ancient in look, all the light  
of her wisdom veil'd.

—“Art thou  
Demeter, mother of comfort from sorrow  
445 for men?”

—“Yea, son”  
answered she mild “by cruel  
hardship ever the good  
from the ill are dissever'd. Persephone  
450 fair, from the grave returneth whither  
she went with all mortals  
down; but the foul  
wax old in their death, and each  
(as memory in turn effaceth  
455 memory, recall'd in the mind)



# A VISION OF NEW HELLAS

---




Dionysus replieth that his function is ever to express from the human the godly. He (life and death being mystically one) identifieth himself with Aidoneus (Hades, Pluto) and setteth forth his awful anthropophagous rite.

# THE COLLOQUY


---

fades utterly out of the world.  
Wherefore, my worshippers so  
teach I pain  
and bereavement to bear, that they rise  
460 from brute up to man—  
his stature, dignity, calm.”



## II

“Well,”—retorted the beauteous  
youth, his eyes as he spake  
awful with shine  
465 inhuman—“Mother,  
well hast thou said. To man  
thou ledest; but I,  
unbeheld, drive on  
thy worshippers up to the god.  
470 Aidoneus,  
King of death, King of hell,  
is none other than I, who greet thee,  
Dionysus,  
Lord of life, Lord of earth,  
475 leader of the blessed to the highest  
heaven. The good, who survive  
the law of thy duty, they  
my quarry are, mine Dionysus  
Zagreus, pitiless huntsman, torturer,  
480 flesh-feaster, blood-quaffer, the barbarous  
God.



# A VISION OF NEW HELLAS

---





# THE COLLOQUY

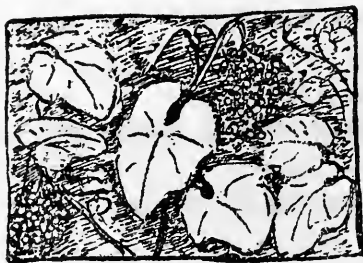
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- Bruis'd, crush'd,  
shall the grape-berry be; whence, pouring,  
the life-juice transmute I to fluid  
485 fire!  
Yea, the hero, strong, brave,  
soul-fast, faithful, upright,  
unto death I pursue, that in death  
deified,  
490 they I maddened with murderous  
hate shall adore Him, (in death  
life-glories forth-showing they dream'd not of) me  
in Him whom they slew, even me  
beholding, their God; and a love  
495 fervent for Him, shall breed of remorseful  
hearts issue divine,  
heroes innumerable as stars in the heaven!



# A VISION OF NEW HELLAS

---



Enthusiastic,  
the maenads  
celebrate their  
winter orgies in  
the mountains  
to arouse the  
sleeping God of  
natural life who  
would else let  
the earth perish  
with him.



# DIONYSUS, THE HERO-GOD

---



## HYMN TO DIONYSUS, THE HERO-GOD

### ✻ I ✻

#### *Semi-Chorus of the Older Maenads.*

- What *is* it he said?  
Hath he fled? Hath he fled?  
500 Dionysus, the Hero-God, dead?  
dead? dead?  
Up, up to the barren hill-pass  
swept of winter-blast chilling, barefooted, bare-  
head,  
ere manhigh the snow-drifts amass!  
505 We will drink not nor eat,  
but the hard-frozen ground  
we will beat  
with our feet,  
and Pan-hoof shall pound  
510 to drum and shrill fife  
till the Dead come to life!  
Bromios! Bromios!  
hark, the timbrel's hoarse roar,  
wail of wind, hoot of owl,  
515 scream of eagle, wolf-howl,—  
wilt thou lead us, boisterous God, no more?



# A VISION OF NEW HELLAS

---



The pans glory  
in their deform-  
ity and in their  
supernatural  
powers ;

# DIONYSUS, THE HERO-GOD

---

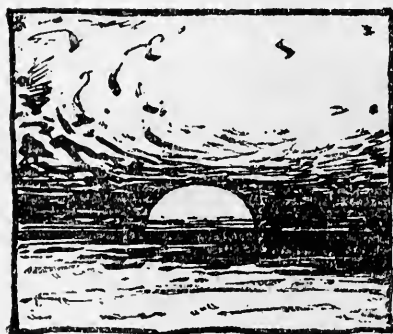
To the rhythm of our phrensy, ye  
north-blasts, shriek;  
about us, ye snow-drifts, wheel  
and reel;  
520 till (the death-spell too weak  
for the God whom we seek,)  
He shall rise and his glory reveal.  
Lo, death is dead,  
and his spell is sped!  
525 Thou hast conquered our mortal shame!  
Let the cymbals clash,  
and the avalanche crash  
as we summon Thee, God, by name.

## *Semi-Choruses of Pans.*

1  
We Pans, we Pans,  
530 to but and to gore  
we have horns that are sore,  
and our legs are a goat's not a man's.  
Beware, beware,  
with our nails  
535 we tear,  
and we lash  
with our barbed tails.  
Like beasts, we rend  
with our teeth the rash  
540 who Zagreus, the huntsman, offend.

# A VISION OF NEW HELLAS

---



and threaten the  
emissaries of  
their God who  
shall dare, obe-  
dient to his hest,  
stand in his  
room.

# DIONYSUS, THE HERO-GOD

---

We have ears as the lynx,  
and a fool! who thinks  
from the leer  
of our eyes to escape;  
545 for the snow-flake's fall  
miles off we hear,  
and a leaf-shadow's shape  
discern through the thick night's pall.

## 2

Woe! woe! to the Man—  
550 though thou send  
him—  
who cometh, great God, in thy place:  
we will but, each Pan,  
gore and rend  
555 him,  
and tear him limb  
from limb!  
devour his flesh torn,  
lap and gulp his blood spill'd,  
560 till we free  
from the mask thy face,  
and see  
the quiet smile of high scorn,  
and thy spiritual eyes fire-fill'd!

# A VISION OF NEW HELLAS

---



Yet they show  
that in the trag-  
ic death the God  
is glorified and  
the hero made  
truly his reveal-  
er.





# DIONYSUS, THE HERO-GOD

---

## *Full Chorus of Pans.*

3

565 For blessed, thrice-blest,  
the death that reveals thee;  
of thy fury possess'd  
the great life that feels thee:  
and deep, deep  
570 the abysses be  
of terrific despair,  
that steep, steep  
may the blisses be  
whose peaks cleave the air!  
575 In the tragic death-strife  
from the blood-drunk sod  
springs the beauty of life  
that showeth Thee, God.



# A VISION OF NEW HELLAS

---



Enthusiastic,  
the maenads  
announce the  
vernal resurrec-  
tion of the God  
of natural life,  
and praise him.



# DIONYSUS, THE HERO-GOD

---



## HYMN TO DIONYSUS, THE HERO-GOD

### ❧ II ❧

#### *Semi-Chorus of the Younger Maenads.*

1

580 O Pans, in the waste hill-gorges  
not vain were our mid-winter orgies :  
for his earthquake answers  
the tramp  
stamp  
of dancers,  
585 in new-got strength  
appearing at length :  
Lord of fire, water, gold,  
wine, song,  
dance, mirth ;  
590 the great God of the bold  
and the strong  
of the earth !  
O flute, O drum,  
O tabor and cymbal,  
595 back you'll us  
bring  
with loud scream, and leap nimble  
to the ancient hill-top bald !



# A VISION OF NEW HELLAS

---



They describe  
his advent to  
the heights, a-  
thwart the flats,  
and the wild  
rush of his wor-  
shippers to meet

# DIONYSUS, THE HERO-GOD

---

600       Iacchus is come  
          whom appall'd  
          we call'd,  
          yea, come with miraculous  
          spring.  
605       He hath sent a  
          year of plenty  
          that his faithful should fast not.  
          The spell  
          of dark Hell—  
          we knew well  
610       it could last not:  
          Iacchus hath overcome it!  
          (how else could the strife result?)  
          Up, up the sheer summit,  
          you Bacchic rout,  
615       to exult,  
          as ye raise  
          the shout  
          of his praise,  
          in the heat of his mystical cult.

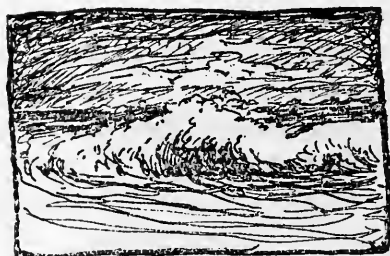
## 2

620       On a chariot swift-drawn of panthers  
          and leopards  
          at dawn he appeared to the terrified  
          shepherds,  
          Silenus alone for fellow!

# A VISION OF NEW HELLAS

---

him with shout  
and dance.



# DIONYSUS, THE HERO-GOD

---

- and, behold,  
the meadow he dashed thro'  
625 grew gold,  
as his god-glory flashed thro',  
with narcissi sunny-yellow;  
and roses wine-purple, flame-tawny, lily-white,  
burst abloom in his lightning track;  
630 the vines hung big clusters of berries, in a night,  
grapes glaucous, grapes sanguine, grapes  
                    swarthy blue-black;  
the trees of the orchard, the trees of the forest  
became quick-quivering, high-roaring, fire-  
                    tongues of green.  
Against death with life's beauty, O Iacchus, thou  
                    warrest  
635 making lustrous the whole world, thyself unseen.  
In violent festal glee, brandishing torches  
aflare, thy mad maidens (as pours the volcano  
a lava-stream lurid that seethes and that scorches)  
to the valley  
640 forth-sally  
to the plain, to the plain, O!  
to meet with laughter, peals upon peals,  
jubilant hollo and yell, O!  
Iacchus the God who our rapture feels  
645 and Silenus, his master and fellow.

# A VISION OF NEW HELLAS

---



The satyrs pronounce themselves, for all their baseness, true servants of the God.



For, as tragedy arose from the anthropophagous feast, so comedy began with the drunken revel. Theirs also is a high, if not the highest, office.





# DIONYSUS, THE HERO-GOD

---



## *Chorus of Satyrs.*

### 1

Not one of us, fierce quaffers  
though we shamble, totter, stagger,  
not one of us, coarse laughers,  
in the train of the God is a lagger.

650 We are goat-thighed, like Pans, and lascivious,  
obscene in our humorous jests;  
yet, O Maenads, of your lips why give ye us,  
of your waists, no joy, and your breasts?  
Too fleet of foot, agile, alert, you  
665 fly on in your spirited folly.  
Yet, O Maenads, no Satyr would hurt you,  
bliss-drunken, and amorous-jolly.

### 2

Little know ye your God if ye scorn us:  
your God, He is also ours;  
660 for Silenus's sake love hath he borne us  
and a function assigned to his powers.  
Dionysus, the only God, jealous,  
He hateth a rival base.

Then who be men's idols, tell us,  
665 whose favor they seek, and grace?



# A VISION OF NEW HELLAS

---



# DIONYSUS, THE HERO-GOD

---

Ours, ours is the God's commission  
to shatter their images,  
free faith from superstition,  
distinguish what seems from what is!

670 Stalk forth thou bragging claimant  
to worship! 'Tis we who shall settle  
the debt to thee owed of the fool.  
We must make thee enough and quick payment  
in truest, most precious metal  
675 of comical ridicule.

The people with laughter we initiate  
in the mysteries of heroism divine—  
would ye wish yet more gods to propitiate  
having known once the supreme God of wine?



# A VISION OF NEW HELLAS

---



The effect of the  
hymn of wor-  
ship showeth it-  
self in a revel-  
ation to their  
eyes of the God's  
glory.



# THE TRANSFIGURATION

---



## THE TRANSFIGURATION

### I

680 Lo! while  
the elder Maenads, intoxicate, chanted  
the winter-praise boisterous  
of Bromios; while  
the Thracian huntsman (harrier remorseless  
685 of human game, Zagreus, man-eater)  
the Aegipans ferocious  
loud lauded in madness of savage  
rites gory; the while  
maid Maenads, grief-ignorant,  
690 of Iacchus, earth-quickener, soul-kindler,  
ecstatical sang; and while  
the Satyrs, mock-awesome, Dionysus exalted  
(foster child of Silenus, their chief,  
for the exhilarant laugh  
695 of his mouth;—behold!  
in his votaries' midst, the one  
Lord of their various moods  
shone transfigured—and, ringwise  
environed with multiplied visions  
700 emanative, drave  
Maenads, Pans, Satyrs back,  
extending their circle of worship, the more  
at the center his Godhead forthflashed.

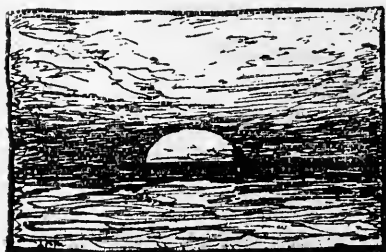


# A VISION OF NEW HELLAS

---



For from Dionysus emanate  
the dryads, the  
oreads, the nai-  
ads, the three  
charities and the  
muses three—  
various aspects  
of his deity sep-  
arately embod-  
ied.



# THE TRANSFIGURATION

---



## II

705 Of bush and of tree the chaste spirits  
into being first leapt, with leafage  
arrayed, happy Dryads, blossom-crown'd,  
their arms all together  
upthrown, wildly waving green boughs  
in his honor; the Oreads, shy,  
710 the Hill-nymphs, scarce veiling  
with misty robes their lithe shapes,  
hand-in-hand glided; and next  
the Naiads of bubbling wells,  
frolic brooks, shamelessly glad  
715 flaunted as briar-roses fragrant their bare  
bodies light-dartling, dewy-wet  
from the pure and cool element. Thus  
ring within ring  
expanded, until, to right  
720 and to left of the deity, gleam'd  
(their locks tight-loop'd lest a ray  
of their naked effulgence, a line of their grace  
be obscur'd,) the Charities three;  
and as holy as they, their virginal  
725 beauty from eyes profane  
close-drap'd, reflecting the fiat  
creative, their sisters three smil'd—  
the Muses.



# A VISION OF NEW HELLAS

---

The transfiguration is completed by the appearance of Persephone as his queen in the midst of all the glory.





# THE TRANSFIGURATION

---

## III

- Entranc'd  
730 the order'd, yet waywardly fleet  
interlacings I watch'd  
of the complicate dance: the shimmer,  
the white glow of limbs; the sweep  
float, flutter of drapery; the floor  
735 of shine aquiver to the numberless  
trip incessant—feet of light  
diffusing quick spiritual rhythm, unheard  
of the ear, as perfume strange  
from tropic flower  
740 intense, bewildering  
the mind. Then I turn'd  
to scan the noble serene  
countenance kindly of mother  
Demeter. But, sudden her eye  
745 with bliss unwonted elate,  
(as of strange recognition, immediate,  
incredible,) straightway the beam  
of her gaze I follow'd  
perforce. And lo!  
750 at the palpitant life-god's side  
a tranquil apparition of girlish  
loveliness,—blue vein'd temples, and hair  
wheat'n-yellow, with poppies enwreath'd!  
None other,

# A VISION OF NEW HELLAS


---




Thereupon De-  
meter embrac-  
eth her child,  
and addresseth  
words of love  
to her.

# THE TRANSFIGURATION

---

- assuredly none than the sweet  
755 Persephone, so  
with utter trust as a child's  
the God's hand could hold, or as she  
look in his dreadfully glorious face,  
with bride's proud blushful regard.
- 

## IV

- 760 Demeter's heart brimm'd  
visibly full, and ran over  
with blessedness mute. At length  
her emotion mastering: "Child," she cried,  
"O my child, thou of spring's swollen buds,  
765 of silken leaves pale, of velvety fronds  
that ravel, of blossomy shoots,—speak, speak,—  
is it thee, my own, I behold?  
Art thou, in very truth, spouse  
of the great life-giver? Aidoneus  
770 rap'd thee not? bare thee  
not hellward? in hideous gloom  
secluded thee nev'r? Or, perchance  
hast thou chang'd him, thou  
with thy love, from cruel, obscene  
775 King of dearth, desolation, despair,  
to a God of exuberant excesses and lustrous  
beatitude?"—Reverently still  
the tumultuous host of the God's
- 

# A VISION OF NEW HELLAS

---




Demeter now  
in her joy re-  
membereth that  
in her darkest  
moment Aph-  
rodite appeared  
to her, and, out  
of gratitude, she  
wisheth now to  
summon her in-  
to life again.

# THE TRANSFIGURATION


---

adherents became, as daughter  
780 and mother, long-parted, embrac'd  
speechless; and Tree-nymphs, Hill-nymphs,  
Water-nymphs, Charities, Muses, all  
fastened with tender  
delight on the twain their eyes, and not few  
785 the holy tears that with bliss  
of reunion sparkled  
starrily.



## V

"Daughter dear," at last  
Demeter resum'd, "well knew I indeed  
790 ere sight I had of thee, child  
only-beloved, all, all  
that befell thee. But knowledge,  
(unto mourners expounded of me  
through the ages,) faded, the instant I saw  
795 thy face, to memories vague  
as of some wild adventure, dream-heard,  
impossible. For verily, child,  
my child, oft they, who when sorrows  
oppress have belief, if they meet  
800 face to face the desire of the heart  
are incredulous utterly.  
Now that however I know  
what I knew, and believe,  
well-knowing, all that ere this I well-knew,



# A VISION OF NEW HELLAS

---



Dionysus ac-  
cepteth Deme-  
ter instead of his  
lost mother Se-

# THE TRANSFIGURATION

---

- 805 believing—no phrensy predictive  
seizeth my soul; but clearly  
methinks, and in absolute calm,  
I forsee such coming of thine  
with thy lord unto me,  
810 not without blessing for man  
shall have happen'd. My power, of thine  
seconded, daughter, availeth  
from dark non-existence to call  
Aphrodite once more, the beauty  
815 of flesh to the light of the world,  
that she  
the broken-hearted console, and help  
the life-loathing;—as once thy mother  
of old she strengthen'd to bear  
820 bereavement unspeakable,—yea, with a promise  
sure of to-day's encounter. For what  
signified else her smile  
insistent, persuasive, unless  
even this it declar'd: that never  
825 from earth, sky, sea, could the beautiful  
wholly pass, or perish  
from body and spirit of man?"

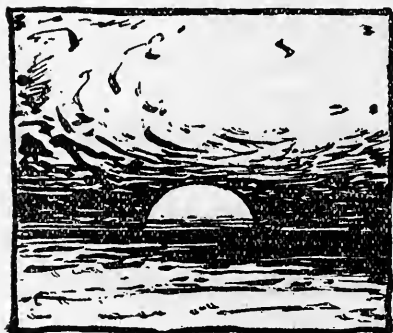
## VI

- "So be it even as thou,  
mother, hast said," replied the bloom-goddess  
830 turning in alternate joy

# A VISION OF NEW HELLAS

---

mele, and De-  
meter loveth  
him as a son.





# THE TRANSFIGURATION

---

- of heart and soul from parent  
to lord, from lord  
to parent,—a yearning unknown  
to herself, beyond speech, in her look.
- 835 Yet each, understanding, eyed  
strangely the other, one probing  
instant; and first, Dionysus in her  
his mother beholding, (rever'd  
Semele, from infancy mourn'd,) relax'd
- 840 his scrutiny, extending a hand  
adoptive; and she, Demeter (the wise  
from experience of ill, the glad  
in goodness perpetual,) knew then in him  
the son divine of her soul.
- 845 But aware of the triple felicity, no longer  
repressible, the Naiads burst into praise:  
Aphrodite, the queen, hailing,—the blessed,  
the beauteous, who, unwitting,  
gave to the sorrow-bowed strength
- 850 of endurance, and hope to the soul-sick  
of yore.



# A VISION OF NEW HELLAS

---



The merry nai-  
ads sing of their  
own childish  
sport ;



but, hearing  
strange gossip,  
they implore



# THE HYMN TO APHRODITE

---



## THE HYMN TO APHRODITE

### 1

855 Gay spirits we of leaping wells  
trickled unabash'd  
over moss'd knobs, rough fells;  
thro' dingles, bloomy dells  
tinkle-tinkle we splash'd;  
in hill-hollows ralli'd,  
we rush'd with loud laughter-screams;  
860 spray-spurting, dilly-dalli'd  
in iridescent, foam-pallid  
green pools for day-dreams;  
then,  
again,  
wild, uproarious,  
865 all, together, we leapt  
with the waterfalls glorious,  
and ocean-ward swept.

### 2

Wondrous news from sandy shore-lands  
we heard of the summer-breeze;



# A VISION OF NEW HELLAS

---



that their father  
command the  
sea-nymphs not  
to withhold the  
truth from  
them.



They are re-  
warded for their  
frantic race to  
the salt sea, by a  
vision of Aph-  
rodite's birth.



# THE HYMN TO APHRODITE

---

870      for far never, never far  
         are  
         the heights of jutting forelands  
         from the spume of Hellenic seas,  
         Dionysus, O imperious,  
875      bid our sisters,—Nymphs of Nereus,—  
         recount us the marvels as they be;  
         lest they tease us, worry, weary us  
         gay Naiads, tho' we emanate from thee!

## 3

880      O Hill-nymphs, O Tree-nymphs,  
         why stayed ye at home?  
         for we saw all the Sea-nymphs,  
         joy-drunken, toss the foam.  
         Aphrodite  
         that morn,  
885      the mighty,  
         was born  
         a girl-babe merrily  
         cradled of a wave:  
         and they caught her  
890      (sweet daughter  
         she, of blue sky, blue sea)  
         yea, and bare her off verily  
         to a crystalline cave  
         with frolic and laughter and boisterous glee!

# A VISION OF NEW HELLAS

---



They relate circumstances of her rearing and tell of the miracles wrought by her maidenly beauty.



Her journey, on the day of her showing to sky and sea, is described as a triumphal progress to the sacred isle of Cyprus.



# THE HYMN TO APHRODITE


---

## 4



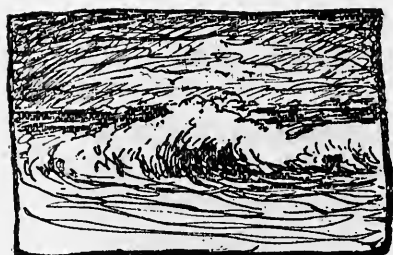
- 895 Bubbles, pearls, corals and goldfish red  
her pretty childish toys;  
hide-and-seek, with the Nymphs, o'er the deep  
seabed—  
a rollicking, innocent noise!  
But quickly their foundling, their foster-child  
900 her playmates outgrew and their games:  
hers the girlhood mild  
sweet, undefil'd,  
whose beauty the sea-brute tames!  
To men and to Gods it is time she be shown  
905 in her loose locks of amber array'd,  
that the sea wash her feet with motherly moan  
and the blue sky acknowledge the maid.

## 5

- In a concave billow  
they lay her down,  
910 white arm for soft pillow,  
gushing curls for gay gown.  
O'er the silk-smooth pellucid boat  
stretch a rainbow-woof sail—  
to hill-horned Cypress float  
915 bark fair and frail!  
Her attendants summon clamorously  
light Zephyrus to blow.
- 

# A VISION OF NEW HELLAS

---



The charities  
cheerfully ac-  
knowledge her  
superiority to  
themselves and



# THE HYMN TO APHRODITE

---

- Lo! he panteth, heart-amorously,  
and flying they go!
- 920 The Mermaids laugh, sing,  
and for gladness upfling  
their beauteous arms bubble-shiny;  
whom the Mermen escort  
with hollo and snort,
- 925 eyes on fire, cheeks swollen, beards briny.  
From his ram's horn sends the Triton  
lustily  
skyward a musical jet;  
sea-horses splash, dolphins spout :
- 930 gustily  
mounts the spray, scattering, to light on  
the naked Goddess, her maidens devout,—  
an attire many-beaded of twinkling wet!  
Sly old Proteus her wizard forerunner is
- 935 to quell the waves' turbulent riot;  
behold! heaven's glory upon her is,  
and before her the vast sea's quiet.

## *Chorus of the Charities.*

### *Finale*

- Between sister, and sister no disparity  
of beauty age or degree;
- 940 we are each a gracious Charity,  
one in love, but in loveliness three.

# A VISION OF NEW HELLAS

---

highly extol her  
holy virtue.



# THE HYMN TO APHRODITE

---

- Yet we hail thee, Aphrodite, who art fairer  
than we be in worshipping eyes:  
who soothest with hope the despairer—  
945 thy beauty than wisdom more wise.  
Thy grace never waneth, ever waxeth  
immortal Delight of mankind!  
Thy hold on our hearts who relaxeth?  
for thy smiles are the bonds that bind.  
950 Thou makest living joys out of griefs that are  
dead;  
as thou walkest, silver-footed, the day  
lust-monsters writhe under thine airy tread  
whom thy naked lustre doth slay.  
The Gods, yea, men likewise, no longer fear  
955 the glory of flesh and carnal pride  
if Thou, O peerless, O sane, art near—  
for by Thee are they purified.



# A VISION OF NEW HELLAS

---



Dionysus de-  
clareth that in-  
deed it is now  
high time beau-  
ty (Aphrodite)  
be once again  
associated with  
use.

# THE RECONCILIATION

---



## THE RECONCILIATION

### I

960 Holy Mother, sage and good,  
heard have thy ears  
even now, ravish'd, my lightsome  
Naiads, my Charities  
spiritual, utter in cadence the praise  
melodious of Her  
that shall once again charm,  
965 (thou hast said,)  
as in days of their youth,  
mankind.  
For verily, O Mother,  
long hath lasted the night  
970 already  
of toil, unhallow'd  
by joy in the task;  
the night—all eyes blinding  
but such as glare cat-like  
975 with criminal craft;  
too long!

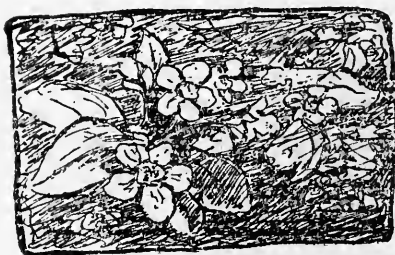


# A VISION OF NEW HELLAS

---



He comments  
on the story of  
beauty's having  
wrought relief  
from acute sor-  
row, whence,  
in due season,  
Demeter's wis-  
dom;



# THE RECONCILIATION

---



## II

When grieving well nigh  
in Thee, immortal, the goddess  
had slain, thou wast sav'd  
980 by the life-joyous smile  
that in sorrow's despite  
a smile responsive compell'd  
ajar to set  
the doors of thy soul's  
985 prison? And slid  
not Hope in tiptoe, and close  
at her heels, Desire of life, her lover  
constant, who took  
each a languid hand of thine,  
990 leading with tender violence  
out of thy cell dark, grim,  
bare, Thee, to freedom  
divine once more?  
Yet, as therefore Thou to the Cyprian  
995 Goddess the debt unpaid  
rememberest, Mother, so I  
to the son, Delos-born, of Leto  
owe a friend's undying thank.



# A VISION OF NEW HELLAS

---

and resolveth  
on his part to  
arouse disinter-  
ested intelli-  
gence (Apollo)  
from long slum-  
ber;



recalling the  
service it (A-  
pollo) rendered  
to enthusiasm



# THE RECONCILIATION

---



## III

1000 Phoebus Apollo!  
shimmer quick-shifting  
of streams that upwell and outflow;  
shine of my gold wash'd pure; light-ray  
of my fire volcanic; oracular  
counsel uttered at large  
1005 from my core unconscious  
of things; the vision's preternatural  
clearness in them I intoxicate; truth  
serene, (first dimly discern'd from height  
ecstatic, whither the spirit  
1010 I lifted,) in hours of intelligent  
quiet remember'd and understood;  
O Pythian Phoebus Apollo  
who slayest ever anew  
with arrow of sanity  
1015 the monster of over-faith,  
Thee of the peak Parnassian, twin  
mount unto mine, Thee, Thee  
will I summon from agelong sleep!

## IV

1020 For, nowise  
Demeter, O Mother  
true of Persephone, thy child



# A VISION OF NEW HELLAS

---



(Dionysus) by  
making the lat-  
ter gentle and  
sane.



Aphrodite and  
Apollo will  
both develop the  
body, each one



# THE RECONCILIATION

---

I ravish'd, pain to inflict  
on one who lov'd her, and whom  
not knowing I therefore lov'd; but assur'd  
1025 thou couldst never my heart's passion  
know, nor fate's  
doom irreversib'le  
whereby thou borest Her, and didst rear  
to maidenhood only that mine  
she should thenceforth be; assur'd  
1030 that willingly not  
to any couldst Thou,  
her mother, yield  
one so desirable; therefore  
forc'd was I, Lord of life,  
1035 in the odious guise of the Ghost-god unreal  
on Her whose favor I crav'd  
violent hands to lay.  
But thereafter my soul's own brother,  
Apollo, the fierceness extreme  
1040 of my deity ancient, sooth'd;  
so that even Persephone, timid  
and gentle, could forgive,  
nay, her ravisher cherish as now!

## V

Behold, thy labors  
1045 (O Mother of Her who is mine  
and thine) shall be match'd

# A VISION OF NEW HELLAS

---



viewing it as the  
supreme means  
to all good ends.



Dionysus ex-  
presseth the true  
philosophy of  
affliction.



# THE RECONCILIATION

---

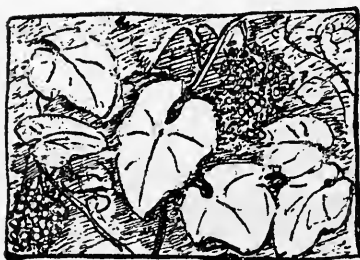
by labors as gladsome. For Thou  
of the rude and gross, (the pressure  
continuous of pain ennobling,  
1050 refining,) wilt fashion, by little  
and little, the beauty of golden  
Aphrodite again; while I  
from the stony-hard gloom at the stroke  
heroic, death-dealing, at length  
1055 shall elicit the fire and the light  
of the Loxian. To grace  
She shall perfect, for service  
of love, the body; which He to feats  
athletic will hard'n at the hest  
1060 of the manly mind. With charm of the lovely, She  
and with hope assuageth men's grief;  
while the end afar off perceiving, He,  
clearsighted, by knowledge controls  
the passion that else, rebellious,  
1065 would reason overthrow.

## VI

So, sweeten'd thy memories  
of the old bereavement shall be,  
that never again couldst thou wish  
mother Demeter, the past  
1070 alter'd in ought, or the fatal

# A VISION OF NEW HELLAS

---



# THE RECONCILIATION

---

1075 decree overrul'd. The rougher  
the rind of life's fruit,  
the sweeter the juice thereof  
express'd from the seeded pulp! Wouldst thou  
again to reach the broad, warm,  
fertile plains of peace, not press  
thro' the icy gorge of anguish—  
feet bleeding and bruise'd—  
once more?



# A VISION OF NEW HELLAS

---



The oreads sing  
(by way of pre-  
lude to their  
hymn of Apol-  
lo) the praises  
of Leto (the hid-  
den) his mother.



# THE HYMN TO APOLLO

---



## THE HYMN TO APOLLO

1

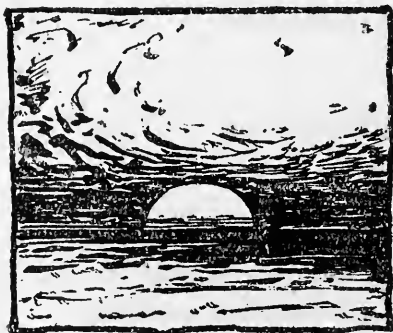
1080        Ever, from the womb  
             of the witless hour,  
             (of her beauty and power  
             unaware,)  
             the wisest thoughts of man  
1085        are born,  
             most holy and most fair.  
             Ever, from the tomb  
             of a right  
             men  
1090        scorn,  
             wingeth,  
             (singeth  
             in death's despite,)  
             a spirit again  
1095        of godlier might.  
             Ever, from the gloom  
             of the cloud-hid night  
             folding earth in sadness,  
             springeth  
1100        at morn  
             the Lord of the light,  
             the King of azure gladness.



# A VISION OF NEW HELLAS

---

They remember the fall of  
Zeus's clandestine wooing of  
Leto;



and recount  
how she fared  
at the hands of  
wicked man-  
kind who had  
not heard there-  
of.

# THE HYMN TO APOLLO

---

## 2



By the banks of the stream  
of sleep,  
1105 and the lake of dream  
still, deep,  
the dark Night stray'd  
a starry, chaste  
maid,  
1110 and dipped her feet in the water  
to wade;  
when the white  
sky's Light  
his splendor effac'd  
1115 to glide  
undescried  
as a lustrous, proud swan to her bashful side.  
But, alas! of his ruffled plumes unafraid,  
alas! for the woe he wrought her,  
1120 poor maid.

## 3

The home she forsook of her girlhood, in shame,  
and sought out a lone spot to die;  
yet soon for her child's sake, unborn, she came  
to abodes of mankind far and nigh,  
1125 in Zeus's name, the hospitable, food  
humbly imploring, and shelter.



# A VISION OF NEW HELLAS

---



Zeus cometh to  
her aid, mirac-  
ulously fashion-  
ing out of a  
promontory the

# THE HYMN TO APOLLO

---

- But, boorish, men void of pity  
thought scorn of her plea; women, rude,  
insolent when they felt her  
1130 sore plight, jeer'd, foully-witty:  
"What? Zeus? God Zeus was thy lover!  
't were impious to doubt of his truth;  
so we dare not provide  
for thy want," they cried,  
1135 "be assur'd his sky-roof guest-friendly will  
cover—  
and the bread of his board feed—the bride of  
his youth!"  
That, cruel, the shaft  
her sick heart might pierce  
as Leto totter'd and pal'd,  
1140 they gloated and laugh'd,  
and in mockery fierce  
her as maiden-mother hail'd.  
They knew not that ever God claimeth  
the child by man unclaim'd!—  
1145 Woe, woe! who a mother shameth,  
forsaken—for he shall be sham'd!

## 4

- Horror smitten, of their lowland and highland  
men saw a rich vale, a steep hill  
by Zeus, thundering, riven:—an island  
1150 afloat at the waves' wild will;

# A VISION OF NEW HELLAS

---



floating isle of  
Delos, where  
her travail over-  
taketh her.



Leto is bidden  
note the power  
and the love of  
Zeus, in that  
he hath trans-  
ferred to Delos  
the very stream  
and lake on  
whose banks he  
won her; and  
the portents in  
honor of her  
son's birth are  
rehearsed.



# THE HYMN TO APOLLO

---

and swift with the current it carried  
the outcast far from their sight,  
while the coarse women, maids yea,  
and married,

lay prone on the earth with affright.

1155

Lo! in seabound Delos, bereft  
of all human comfort and aid,  
writhes Leto, hid in a rocky cleft,  
of the awful end afraid.

1160

With child of a God, sore be her throes;  
loud-shrieking, is her frail flesh torn,—  
then, utter hush ensues and repose.  
Is it death? Nay, Apollo is born!

## 5

Mother Leto, awake!

1165

What? Mopus the stream  
of life's sleep,  
and the azure lake  
of love's dream

1170

still deep,  
aflash with the sun's clear rise,  
do thine eyes  
not recognize?

1175

Dost thou not feel the earth  
immense  
under thee heave, and shake  
with a mad, convulsive mirth?

# A VISION OF NEW HELLAS

---





# THE HYMN TO APOLLO

---

Hark! the depth of grey Ocean vents  
in waves of applause that break  
on shore-sands shiny, his joy at the wonderful  
birth.

The winds waft fragrance ambrosial from sky-  
banks aflower;

1180 victorious palms, laurels lustrously ever-green  
leap from the crag, and the hillside bare, to em-  
bower

Thee, mother of daylight, Thee, Leto, unseen!  
Flocks of swan-cloudlets from Asia come swim-  
ming

thro' air, and encircle from East unto West  
1185 seven times, the risen Apollo hymning,  
the sacred isle that offer'd thee rest.  
Palm-pillars of gold, laurel-capital'd, vast,  
up-shoot from truth's unplumbed ground under-  
sea,

the rocking cradle of myth to make fast  
1190 forever, in honor of him and of thee;  
and the Cyclades all, at the blaze of his power  
shall encompass it, footing a miraculous reel,  
transform'd to cloud-islands, at the magical hour  
when the burst of his innermost glory they feel.

1195 In welcoming cheer, in musical hollo,  
let Naiads, let Oreads, let Dryads unite:  
All-hail, O Apollo! O Apollo! O Apollo!  
God, newborn, of the risen sun's light.

# A VISION OF NEW HELLAS

---



The three muses petition Apollo and their sire, surnamed Melpomenos, that they be never required to follow other deities than them twain.



# THE HYMN TO APOLLO

---

## *Litany of the Muses.*

### *Finale*

- Of music, of dance and of song  
1200                   we  
                      Three  
                      be  
                  mystical Muses.
- To our Lord and sire we belong  
1205           and the Soul that for his he chooses.  
But O best-beloved, brother  
          of Melphomenos, noble Apollo,  
we pray that he bid us none other  
          but Thee of all deities follow.
- 1210 For thou art oracular shower—  
          true fore-knower;  
of things as they be calm seer,  
          fear-freer;  
of the heart's revengeful ire  
1215           purifier;  
when Thou bendest thy golden bow—  
          woe! woe!—  
the white bone it will pierce with its arrow  
          to the marrow!
- 1220 For, O Pythian hater of disguise  
          and all lies;

# A VISION OF NEW HELLAS

---



# THE HYMN TO APOLLO

---

who lovest the frank and the fair  
that will dare  
look Thee, pure God, in the eye—  
1225        yea, die  
but not merit his own soul's scorn:—  
      Thou hast sworn  
who cowardly hatreds cherish  
      shall perish;  
1230 to back-biters and knaves Thou wilt send  
      sore end;  
but the old, kind death shall obtain  
      without pain  
of Thee, who men's piteous ills canst feel  
1235 and with death or new life thy suppliant heal!  
So, we Muses of dance, of music, of song,  
to Thee, noble Phoebus Apollo,  
and Melpomenos, only, our father, belong  
and no *other* Gods ever will follow!



# A VISION OF NEW HELLAS

---



The company divideth, one side preferring Aphrodite to the left of Persephone, and the other side, to the right of Dionysus, particular votaries of Apollo.



# RIVALS DIVINE

---



## RIVALS DIVINE

### I

- 1240 As their praise of the Loxian  
the Muses three, ended  
in joy of faith, not without awe  
or wondering love,—the host  
of worshippers, subdued  
1245 by the singing, divided in twain  
ranging about the emanative  
splendors, (seen first in ardors intense  
of devotion,) a crescent to right of the God  
Melpomenos:—his Muses white-clad,  
1250 his Hill-nymphs diaphanous-shrouded,  
his green-garmented Dryads of trees,  
and the terrible Pans, the jeering  
Satyrs, awaiting his nod  
to renew their clamor. Likewise  
1255 a crescent to left of the fair  
Persephone:—the Charities three  
in snows of nudity  
chaste, the Naiads light-footed  
with eyes asparkle, the Maenads scarce  
1260 held from resuming the dance  
orgyastic, (thyrsus in air  
and locks loose-tumbled, dappled faun-hides



# A VISION OF NEW HELLAS

---



A naiad and an oread sing by turns, and effectually merging their rival hymns, illustrate the fitness of the deities for a spiritual union.



## RIVALS DIVINE

---

ill-cloaking shoulders wine-stain'd  
and voluptuous rosy-tipp'd breasts,)  
1265 by the stilling look of the bride  
of their God. From the instant's hush  
unendurable, loud for sheer bliss  
cried a Naiad: "Hail Aphrodite!"  
and answering an Oread  
1270 shrill'd out: "Apollo!" Then each,  
interrupting the other's flow  
of rapturous song, alternate  
pursued the praise of her chosen  
deity, with reasoning melodious  
1275 as rival birds  
of the new-leav'd bush:—

### II

*Love ye the Goddess of gracious full being?*

Know ye the God of delighted clear seeing?

*She, of the tyrannous affinity*  
1280 *fast knitting wholes of the several parts?*

He, stern sundering divinity  
who searcheth things to their secret hearts?

*Behold, it is She refineth*  
*to surfaces smooth all substance material*  
1285 *for the ray of the sun to illumine and warm—*

# A VISION OF NEW HELLAS


---



## RIVALS DIVINE

---

Behold it is He who shineth  
and maketh alive and light and ethereal  
things coarse, dead, heavy, with spiritual  
form—



1290 *Yea, of Her is the splendor caught  
to the gladsome eye refracted;  
beauteous form made real  
for the human hand's persistent  
soft, insatiate caress!*

1295 *By Him, from chaos and nought  
things order'd, shap'd, compacted,  
mirror the soul's ideal,  
and are nigh'r to man when distant—  
subtiliz'd to loveliness!*

1300 *Her function to set the senses ashriver,  
(when heart is sick,  
and spirit is blind,)  
an immediate assurance procuring  
of the wealth and the worth of the world—*

1305 *His office the heart from sense to deliver;  
He rouseth the quick,  
inquisitive mind  
with a mystery ever alluring  
in the inmost folds of it furl'd!*

# A VISION OF NEW HELLAS

---



## RIVALS DIVINE

---

1310 *Who but She can save the mind  
from idle self-beholding?  
for Hers is the beauty of ebb and of flow  
in the manifold tides  
external:*

1315 *Whose the praise if men divin'd  
the world's gradual unfolding?  
in changes and chances, the shine and the  
show,  
what is sure and abides  
eternal?*

*Aphrodite, thine alone the flower of living and  
breathing flesh!*

1320 *O Apollo, sun-extracted, thine its perfume  
dewily fresh!*

*Through Thee feeling and loving—and art that  
bids death defiance!*

*Through Thee seeing and knowing, and  
man's life-mastering science.*

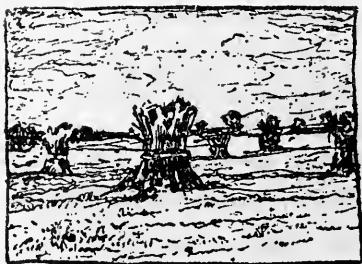


# A VISION OF NEW HELLAS

---



Demeter fortell-  
eth the mar-  
riage of beauty  
and truth, art  
and science  
(Aphrodite and  
Apollo).



# VOTIVE GIFTS

---

## VOTIVE GIFTS

### I

Then, gratulant outspake, benign,  
the Mother: "Not twain

- 1325 are our labors, nor match'd shall they be  
merely, as thou hast foretold,  
but mated, rather; for which  
without either hath life? Well, meseems  
and wisely thy maidens have sung  
1330 their mutual need. Yet, in days  
of virtue Hellenic, long-past (the former  
youth of the Gods) discontent  
drove them abroad over earth; for not  
in Olympus found they the sweets sufficient  
1335 of fellowship utter as yours,  
my children! Though whence  
this foreboding gladsome, beyond  
pious doubt, I know not; but hark!  
at the break of the day of their earliest  
1340 meeting, the Maid, scarce aware  
of her deity's dawn, with the Youth  
(Him of sight, Him of mind, in Her  
fully shown to himself—  
Her of touch, Her of heart)  
1345 shall in wedlock be joined. And who  
if not ye their love with pledge

# A VISION OF NEW HELLAS

---



Persephone  
promiseth wed-  
ding gifts—and  
Dionysus is  
seized with the  
prophetic fury;





## VOTIVE GIFTS

---

of progression shall cheer, with votive  
gifts from lovers expert to lovers  
still in the best of their joy  
1350 uninitiate,—that day of supreme expectancy,  
prime of united lives?”

### II

“What boon,”  
Persephone, blushing,  
replied, “shall we dole unto Gods,  
1355 lovers? The Charities three  
of beautiful giving, and taking, and using,  
gladly I grant to the Bride, shall she visit  
Eleusis, the eve of her happy  
espousals; and surely, Dionysus  
1360 Melphomenos, Lord  
of rhythm and phrensy poetic, will  
on the Bridegroom, his dearly lov’d brother bestow  
the mystic Muses of dance, music, song.”  
The God’s smile her words affirming,—behold  
1365 the gaze abstract of his eyes  
took aureate lustre from worlds mist-molten,  
remote, (whose life with passionate dream  
prenatal, throbbeth in fire-seed;) and straightway  
his lips parting, one shudder  
1370 thrill’d, beatific, the worshipping host  
entire,—by fury predictive attain’d, that each  
in his own soul only the words  
of the nuptial prophecy caught.

# A VISION OF NEW HELLAS

---

whereupon he  
uttereth a marriage blessing  
upon the twain,  
proclaiming  
their joys of love  
and triumphs of  
their progeny.



# VOTIVE GIFTS

---

## III

- Aphrodite,  
1375 Eucharis, full of grace, full  
of charm, with thy Charities three, from whose  
hands  
are fair living, and loving;  
Apollo,  
Musagetes, leader frank  
1380 of the sisters three, who translate  
man from earth-struggle to care-free  
altitudes human; the time  
of your blessed return impatient  
the world expecteth for aeons of righteous  
1385 peace without end. And lo!  
it prepareth for you the privacy  
bridal, the couch creative of infinite  
rapture divine; that fatefully,  
fearfully drawn must ye be to bowers  
1390 where droop hot roses  
their crimson heads close,  
face by face; and about them hills  
rise, as in icy array defensive, whose tall  
lilies in winds of unconscious desire,  
1395 ring out their laughter-peals  
fragrant. And thither, O thither  
the mystical will of the life  
self-perpetuate shall tyrannous urge ye,

# A VISION OF NEW HELLAS

---



## VOTIVE GIFTS

---

- 1400 sweet love-maddened lovers; there, mouth  
to mouth, ye shall know not self  
from the lov'd one apart; and the lilies  
moon-silvery erst, are sun-fulvid  
with pollen-stain rich; and the roses,  
burst open, storm crimson petals,—  
1405 awhirl as they fall, in sign  
that the flesh, with voluptuous reluctance at last,  
panting, admitteth the mind's  
penetrant stern resolve.  
Such shall the anguishful  
1410 gendering of Gods be, for jocund  
birth instantaneous. Rejoice, rejoice,  
O ye who the ancient Olympus  
rul'd, that, more absolute these—more adorably  
fair than of yore yourselves, shall effortless fell  
1415 the Titans, your foes rearsen, and aloft  
the summit sublime of the sacred  
mount, rear homes eternal, whence  
their sway shall extend all-potent forever  
o'er a nobler, a larger mankind!



# A VISION OF NEW HELLAS

---



The gods of Eleusis are praised for the sincere welcome they extend to more recent claimants of worship by maenads, satyrs, pans, nymphs, charities, muses.

The muses set forth the necessity of poletheism.



# HYMNS HYMENEAL

---



## HYMNS HYMENEAL

### I. *General Chorus*

- 1420 All praise Dionysus,  
Demeter, Persephone, to your united divinity!  
Your glories suffice us—  
blossom, fruit, life-seed,—great Eleusynian  
trinity.
- We laud you forever  
1425 that hospitable ye are in your gracious affinity;  
devising new pieties  
that tighten,  
not sever,  
th' old bonds of devotion;
- 1430 (the streams of our worship not lost in the ocean  
the dead-sea of a jealousy bitter and dumb,  
our longings not drown'd in a lonely infinity,)  
we exalt you for hailing unbegotten societies  
of Gods that shall brighten
- 1435 the ages to come.

### II. *The Muses*

For the Gods are many and various:  
the good things that men love and desire.  
The life of the world were precarious  
if it burn'd not with manifold fire.



# A VISION OF NEW HELLAS

---



The charities  
burst into a  
hymn unto the  
ancient Eros,  
God of love,  
ever young,  
ever wise, ever  
glorious, God of  
gods.





# HYMNS HYMENEAL

---

- 1440 Men's ideals,—flame-gods, aspirations,  
rare excellences, heroisms sublime,—  
be innumerable as races and nations,  
as moods of man, moments of time.  
But the heights know each other, saluting  
1445 athwart the vast plains of low land:  
(the worship of each not confuting  
the worship of all,) hand in hand  
the glorious mountains enring us  
th' old earth of animal strife;  
1450 and together, one in spirit, they sing us  
the paeon of man's divine life.

## III. *The Charities*

### *Hymn to Eros*

- Yet who  
shall renew  
man's universe?  
1455 restore to it  
a splendor pristine?  
in the bath of cleansing fire immerse?  
give more and ever more to it  
of the passionate heat suns kissed in  
ere cool'd by the impious curse?  
1460 of the pride in spiritual might  
ere fell on man's bloom a blight,  
and the better was deem'd the worse?

# A VISION OF NEW HELLAS

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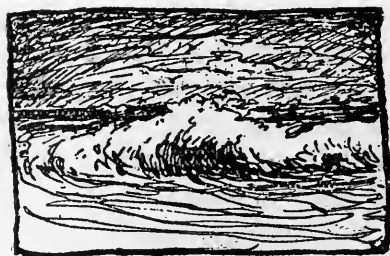
## HYMNS HYMENEAL

---

- 1465 O Eros, sole god-head primeval,  
invisible witness thou wast  
of the continents' upheaval,  
from the warm love-languorous sea;  
and again, the whelming urgency  
of waters that boil'd and toss'd  
1470 o'er the slow voluptuous submergence  
of the lands—from whom but from Thee?  
Thou—atom to atom alliest,  
commingling the alien and strange,  
dissevering the likest and nighest,  
1475 allowing no ultimate rest;  
and marshall'd from chaos dismal,  
undergoing mystical change,  
the molecules stellar and prismatic  
crystals compose at thy hest.  
1480 Thou givest flow'rs color and fragrance,  
and honey,  
that, pollen-shower'd,  
unawares  
the air's  
1485 sunny  
vagrants  
to perform thy sweet tasks be empower'd.  
Thou givest, many-hued  
iridescent  
1490 plumes to the birds; yea, throats  
to trill, warble, pipe, whistle, incessant

# A VISION OF NEW HELLAS

---



The nymphs  
laud the divine  
issue of wedded  
Apollo and  
Aphrodite, pre-  
dicting the con-  
descension of the  
goddesses to hu-  
man lovers.

## HYMNS HYMENEAL

---

- subdued  
or triumphant rich notes.  
Of Thee, in thy season, all creatures  
1495 have special terror and grace;  
softening man's fiercer features,  
flushing maid's meekest face.  
Of Thee, all friendships, heart-duties,  
devotions to social good,  
1500 all ardent faiths, luminous beauties,  
pure manhood, strong womanhood.  
Far to near, and upper to nether,  
lest they cease from being divine,  
th' very Gods thou knittest together,  
1505 and their glory and honor is thine.  
O Eros, the new ages shall feel Thee  
binding earth and heaven so close  
that lowliest souls shall reveal Thee  
th' High God in the common and gross!

### III. *The Nymphs.*

- 1510 The God of daylight, the Goddess of form aglow  
O ancient Eros, 't is Thou shalt affiancé :  
and glorious the race of new Gods that shall owe  
their being to wedded Art and Science.  
They shall dwell not idle in sky-courts remote  
1515 high-wall'd on perpetual blue above cloud;  
nor shall incense that men to their honor devote  
make them careless, cruel, ignobly proud ;

# A VISION OF NEW HELLAS

---



## HYMNS HYMENEAL

---

- no heav'ns shall they promise their worshippers  
which never the living can hope to enter ;  
1520 nor teach scorn of Earth, and all that is hers,  
on themselves men's devotions to center.  
They shall live on the heights, but heights ter-  
restrial  
of difficult—yet possible—ascent ;  
master, not slay, in man what is bestial,  
1525 to subserve the divine intent.  
Nor icily chaste, without radiant issue,  
shall the Goddesses, wondrously beautiful,  
in crystal houses 'neath spreads of gold-tissue,  
dream, languorous, on couches of cloudy wool.  
1530 For the haughtiest hath an Endymion, an Adonis,  
and knoweth some trysting-spot hallowed and  
dear,  
where she with him and her love alone is  
in wood or glade, by fountain or mere.  
Because, never ideals can wed one another  
1535 though chosen manly spirits they may  
blessedly love ; but twice blessed the mother  
of a hero who extends over earth her sway ;  
and thrice blessed the hero, the half-divine  
who in his reflecteth his mother's face,  
1540 whose gentleness, purity, sweetness refine  
and ennoble, in living and dying, his race !

# A VISION OF NEW HELLAS

---



The maenads  
shout jubilant-  
ly, and extol the  
wisdom and  
justice shown in  
the mating of  
their godly sons  
to maids of  
earth.





# HYMNS HYMENEAL

---

## IV

- O the Gods of masculine might,  
the splendors eternally fated,  
in vain with man would fight;  
1545 not so could they wrest of him,  
the truest, the best of him:  
for their cruel perfection hated.  
But, as Semele granted her beauty entire  
to Zeus the wielder of heavenly fire;  
1550 as Danae yielded (when a storm-shower of gold  
fell through green boughs of hope) in the pas-  
sionate fold  
of his arms, to his fierce desire;  
as once Ariadne, the woe-begone  
tearful awoke in the blushful dawn  
1555 to wed the wine-rapturous God of the bold;  
as Clymene fair of hair  
bowed dim in a flare of air  
radiant and hot from her sunbright Apollo;  
so the maidens of earth shall in ages to come  
1560 be wooed of the gods in terrestrial disguise,  
and whithersoever they flee will follow  
Love with lustrous, worshipful eyes.  
Of ideals joy-begotten and born of earth-agony,  
womanhood grander shall visit mankind,  
1565 courageous, strong, swift of foot, unable to fly on a  
skyward ascent of spirit and mind;

# A VISION OF NEW HELLAS

---



# HYMNS HYMENEAL

---

beautiful, pure of soul, feminine evermore—  
sisterly, motherly, wifely sweet:—  
might of brain, grace of heart, time shall not  
sever more

1570 married in womanhood final, complete.



# A VISION OF NEW HELLAS

---



Satyrs, pans and  
maenads are  
doomed not to  
perish, but to  
endure a benefi-  
cent transform-  
ation.



# INTERLUDE

---

## INTERLUDE

Satyrs— O Pans, fierce Pans, they have prophesied

the death of your savage day!

Pans— O Satyrs, Satyrs, they lied, they lied—

t' is ye who must first give way!

1575 Satyrs— Nay, Apollo will slay the human beast,

and man no more on man shall feast!

Pans— Aphrodite will conquer with a smile  
your drunken lusts, and your laugh-  
ters vile.

Maenads—O Satyr, O Pan, why quarrel for naught?

1580 Not perish shall ye, but a change  
endure:—

Pan to a terrible courage of thought,  
Satyr to laughter joyously pure.

So shall ye serve man loyally both;  
while soothing the wilder in us and  
the rougher

1585 the ache, the bliss of spiritual growth  
we Bacchic maidens as surely must  
suffer.

# A VISION OF NEW HELLAS

---



## INTERLUDE

---

Maenads—But in all that man thinketh, and  
feeeth, and willeth,  
and in all that he doeth shall ours  
be a part:  
the self-oblivious enthusiasm that  
filleth  
with a sacred trust the mind and  
the heart.

1590



# A VISION OF NEW HELLAS

---



The water-nymphs see  
Aphrodite en-  
throned with  
Apollo in New  
Olympus.

Tree-nymphs  
describe the for-  
est-shaded road  
that leadeth up  
the holy mount.





# THE BANQUET OF THE GODS

---



## THE BANQUET OF THE GODS

### ❧ I ❧

#### 1. *The Naiads*

Aphrodite Eucharis—  
't is She,  
in robe of dazzling dew  
(see, see!)  
1595 throning aloft  
pure, gentle, soft!  
The locks—of Apollo beside her—diffuse  
halo of sunny bliss,  
glory of many hues!

#### 2. *The Dryads*

1600 Tell us! what shining street  
winds up Olympus sheer?  
not surely for happy human feet?  
Can men and matrons, youths and maids  
breathe air so pure?  
1605 a lustre endure  
that fails not, nor fades?  
feel of the Gods no stifling fear?



# A VISION OF NEW HELLAS

---



Hill-nymphs  
tell of human  
procession as-  
cending with  
ease and jubi-  
lation.



Together the  
nymphs shout  
for joy at the  
splendor and  
vastness of the  
divine house.



# THE BANQUET OF THE GODS

---



## 3. *The Oreads*

1610 O happier, devouter race!  
yours no penance, pleadings  
humiliant,  
hero-sorrows vicarious,  
and sore  
intercedings;  
but footstep resilient  
1615 and life-glad face,  
as ye come with jubilant cry  
in labyrinthine-various  
processional dance,  
each, boldly to occupy  
1620 a rightful place  
in the festal hall:—

## 4. *Chorus of Nymphs*

Ice-shiny floor,  
cloud marble wall  
and roofing expanse  
1625 of sky  
over all!



# A VISION OF NEW HELLAS

---

Whereupon the  
charities praise  
the banquet at  
which Demeter  
dealeth out her  
broken bread of  
sorrow, feeding  
the soul to holy  
strength ;



and the muses  
add thereto, that  
Dionysus pour-  
eth forth forthall  
the blood-wine

# THE BANQUET OF THE GODS

---

## ❧ II ❧

### 1. *The Charities*

Then at the board shall guest with host,  
man with God sit down;  
flowers spring forth that each loves most,  
1630 each crown'd with an odorous crown;  
of pearl opalescent the massy dishes  
are pil'd with all fruits that grow;  
greetings of love, and pious wishes  
set every face aglow!  
1635 Then, lo!  
Thou, Demeter,  
shalt solemnly, slowly,  
for Gods alike and for men,  
break bread  
1640 most holy—  
(than all meat sweeter—  
the loaf of grief and bereavement  
ground, kneaded, parch'd with fire,)  
that strengtheneth to great achievement,  
1645 and maketh the fed  
aspire!

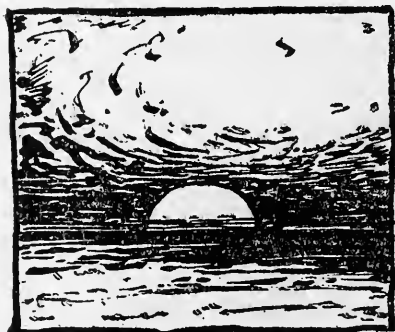
### 2. *The Muses*

Dionysus, then, to their broken bread,  
Thou wilt pour  
more and more  
1650 in crystalline bowls

# A VISION OF NEW HELLAS

---

of heroic self-  
immolation  
that inspireth  
and rendereth  
divine.



The maenads,  
satyrs, pans,  
nymphs, chari-  
ties, muses, all  
together, exult  
in the greatness  
of the Elusynian  
three, assuring  
them perpetuity  
of worship and

# THE BANQUET OF THE GODS

---

- iridescent,  
the juices fire-red  
of grape-clusters bruised,  
sweet-scented  
1655 with virtuous herbs aromatic:—  
the hero-blood that from death-wounds ooz'd  
as the slayers too late repented.  
O Wine by worship of grateful souls  
fermented;  
1660 O Wine effervescent  
with the final bliss of self-sacrifice  
ecstatic;  
O intoxicant Wine  
without price  
1665 from life's death-vat divine,—  
beget in each drinker,  
the lover's rapture Elysian,  
the poet's fury, the prophet's vision,  
the serene world-sight of the thinker!

## 3. *General Chorus.*

- 1670 Praise, praise everlasting  
to Thee, O Demeter  
to Thee, Dionysus, Thee daughter and bride  
Persephone,—holy Gods of Eleusis:—  
Thou who feedest the fasting  
1675 to nourish the spiritual life of the eater,  
thy food sanctifying for worthiest uses;

# A VISION OF NEW HELLAS

---

the tender re-  
gard of men to  
the last age of  
the world.





# THE BANQUET OF THE GODS

---

Thou who quenchest the thirst  
for the best in the worst,  
till at length their desires be satisfied;  
1680 Thou who bindest with love the twain  
in One;—  
As on earth so in heaven ye see it is:  
all thanks are held due,  
and all honor is done  
1685 to them who chose pain,  
not pleasure;  
great-hearted service, not griping sway;  
who their might superhuman to measure  
build up, give life,—not demolish and slay!  
1690 Wherefore, O noble Eleusynian deities  
we vow perpetual worship to you:  
wherefore thro' the ages for ever and aye  
though new names ye receive  
again and again,  
1695 no Gods more than You will we serve and believe,  
sung of children, lov'd of women, hallow'd of men!



三



PART III  
THE AFTERSONG



# A VISION OF NEW HELLAS

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The final cho-  
rus hath caused  
the poet to fall  
into an ecstasy ;



so that he hath  
a vision of the  
city, erst foul  
and dark, made  
pure and full of  
light ;



# THE AFTERSONG

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## I

FROM the confluent torrents of praise  
delirious waxed the dithyramb's  
worshipful fury:  
a vortex of rapture

- 5 symphonious, fast-swirling,  
spray-bursts of clamor irrepressible,  
gurgling eddies in eddies  
of laughter, along on its surface  
of melody; breaking  
10 its uttermost edge to ecstatic surf  
'gainst hill-shores reverberant,  
its own violence engulfing  
in the abysmal deep of itself.

## II

- Rapt to vertiginous pitch  
15 above seeing and hearing, my soul  
soar'd immobile in hush and void;  
till again life-aware, no vision  
deific disturb'd her incurious content. Below  
stood fleckless my city, ethereal, clear;  
20 reluctant with quivering wet  
from the holy wash of the rain;  
gables, chimneys, towers, pinnacles, spires,

# A VISION OF NEW HELLAS

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and straight-  
way he compre-  
hendeth the  
meaning of the  
entire vision.

# THE AFTERSONG


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to crystal transmuted, clove eager  
the vitreous, light-vibrant air;  
25 sparkl'd, gleam'd, flicker'd, flar'd, flash'd  
in the downpour of sunshine, whence swollen  
the fulgorant gold river flowed large  
to vanish behind proud heights  
whereon lean'd the verge of the sky.



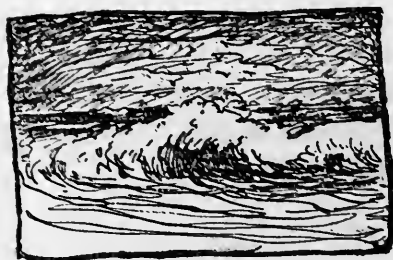
## III

30 Then, a swift assurance of my mind  
took unreasoning possession. Before me  
was the foretold wonder in symbol fulfill'd:  
coarse stuff of earth, deem'd hitherto foul,  
now illustrious with spiritual ardor; quick beams  
35 into wastes of dark nothing hurl'd  
uselessly forth, fix'd now  
in substantial splendor for man.  
And, as Demeter, ancient mother  
of sorrow, as Dionysus with blood-spotted  
40 garment, the bridegroom, undaunted  
of death, (in mystical fellowship held  
at Eleusis by love for the daughter, the bride  
Persephone,) hail'd Apollo,  
Aphrodite hail'd, (in the myth  
45 of my dreaming,) their beneficent  
sway to divide o'er the fortunes of man:  
So, Life  
with studied iniquity



# A VISION OF NEW HELLAS

---





## THE AFTERSONG

---

- 50 dealing her doom of anguish  
selective, that the many thereby  
become few or barren, while the few  
mother many in their forfeited  
room at ease;  
So, Life
- 55 inspiring his chosen  
the impossible to dare, with folly  
of will, that the few thus perish, and live  
in the marvel of the many a multiplied  
life of lives;
- 60 So, the world's  
dire powers propulsive  
(at one in their passion alone  
for unfolding might and grace.)  
Evolution!—
- 65 Revolution!—  
invite  
to a share in their secular  
toil, makers of man than they  
less cruel; for, with vital doctrine Science,
- 70 enamor'd, impregnateth Art, who in joy  
bringeth deathless ideals to the day,  
nobler, more vigorous, lords of a higher  
heaven, earth-transfigurers, begetters brave,  
yea, and beautiful bearers of men
- 75 in their likeness,  
after their kind.

# A VISION OF NEW HELLAS

---

But his wonder  
waxeth greater  
when the city  
changeth to a  
vast theatre;



and forthwith  
expandeth to his  
country—as the  
stage for the  
final display to

# THE AFTERSONG

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## IV



Comforted gazed I, though tears  
of gratitude dimm'd my sight.  
For the city on a sudden became  
80 a sun-dazzling arena  
immense; and her girdle  
of hills with their shelving  
streets (huge benches, tier over tier  
for intent spectators,) swept  
85 amphitheatre-wise about; and the river  
a choric procession, white-vested,  
an altar large  
encircled solemn and slow  
with song; but beyond  
90 and above them, larger, arose  
the altar heroic for human  
oblation of bravery, rectitude, slain  
of their slayers but to triumph  
in them,  
95 o'er the wisdom of scarring  
experience, at last,  
as faiths inborn, and instinctive smiles!

## V

Bewilder'd, I star'd (though passionate  
tears continued to blind me,) far  
100 athwart sky-reaches  
diaphanous, without



# A VISION OF NEW HELLAS

---



the world of the  
God in man.



The poet, be-  
wildered and  
amazed, dareth  
not disbelieve  
the truth of the  
vision; where-  
fore he declareth  
it to his fellow-



# THE AFTERSONG

---

end; the elusive  
horizon receding apace, till man's  
arena of achievement  
105 outspread to the length, in my view,  
and the breadth of the land  
best-beloved, by a monstrous  
half-ring  
environ'd, of eternal  
110 main-lands sea-welded  
together (the shine of vast strands  
with shine of wide waters blent,)—Europe  
and Africa east, and to southward  
America; Australia  
115 with Asia in the west;—  
the terrestrial amphitheatre's  
round, where the nations throng  
agape, young and old  
at the spectacle new, the last act  
120 of hell,—heaven's first:  
the deification of Man!

## VI

Then close my eyes shut, by the portent  
dismayed, lest the former despair  
had bestowed no miraculous gift  
125 of far sight prophetic, but mock'd me instead  
with hallucinations: "Too good,  
too beautiful," cried I aloud,

# A VISION OF NEW HELLAS

---

men, that they  
may decide  
whether it shall  
be proven true  
or false:—for in  
present deeds,  
make they the  
fate beautiful or  
hideous of all  
time to be.



## THE AFTERSONG

---

“for wildest belief!” But gently  
my panic allayed to a calm  
130 certitude strange of great joy.  
Soft at my soul’s ear Hope  
whisper’d: “Too good, too beautiful  
not to be true—yea, and soon  
true for thee, true for me  
135 somehow, somewhere, sometime!”  
Though the storm of seership  
still’d, I linger’d serene  
on the sheer height awhile of Culture  
Hellenic, at peace with my bliss—  
140 and smil’d; for I caught myself unawares  
murmuring (some burden of a hymn  
in sweet dreams heard,)  
“Surely it should be, wherefore  
it shall be, it must be, it is  
145 as I saw it and see it again,  
and in vision have shown it to thee!”



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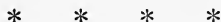


## MYTHOLOGICAL GLOSSARY.



DEAR READER:

Once upon a time it was the custom for an author to address you as "kind," "intelligent," "affable," "discreet," "appreciative;" for he had, of course, a very reasonable expectation of the compliment's return in due season with interest compounded at leisure. Alas, those easy-going days are no more. Fame is not to be so cheaply earned. Meanwhile, every writer, who is also a reader, well knows that with the multiplication of books, good and bad, no sane person is omnivorous nowadays, but, according to temperament and profession, more or less strictly herbivorous, granivorous or carnivorous. There must then surely be those among any author's friends who desire to praise his performance fairly to his face, or fault it candidly behind his back, without the agonizing preparation of a personal perusal thereof. Fully appreciating such friends, and eager to put them in his debt by a piece of thoughtfulness, an old-fashioned "argument" is painstakingly set down here.



### ARGUMENT OF A VISION OF NEW HELLAS.

The poet, disgusted with the modern industrial and commercial civilization (symbolized by the city in foul weather), climbs the hill of Hellenic culture in hopes of seeing the eternal blue of heaven. He is disappointed. Though the smoke-pall of sordidness is below him, the cloud-sky of pessimism continues overhead.

In his despair, the ancient harvest-home goddess Demeter appears, and explains to the poet what is really going on in the city below: a development of the race by competition. Then arrives the vintage-

## MYTHOLOGICAL GLOSSARY.

god of life, Dionysus, and makes himself known to Demeter as the husband of her daughter, Persephone, goddess of bloom, mistakenly supposed to have been carried off by Aidoneus, the god of death. Dionysus explains that he, the god of life, is indeed the god of death, because he is the god of heroes; that he is the slayer of the good and the noble, only in order that in their torture their true glory might be displayed. Thereupon Demeter adopts Dionysus as her son.

In the joy of union between mother, daughter and son, they together resolve to bring again to life Aphrodite, the beauty of form, and Apollo, the light of the mind. Dionysus prophesies that in the modern world these shall be wedded (as they were not in Hellas), and that from them shall in time spring a new race of gods (ideals) which shall mingle with mankind, and uplift them till God and men can feast together at one divine board.

Here the poet awakes from his vision. The prophetic storm has cleared the sky. The wind has dissipated the smoke, and the city stands beneath him in august beauty: the arena for the heroes of to-day.

The poem concludes with an interpretation of the vision, which justifies our highest hopes for the race that shall inhabit the new and greater Hellas, and shall ever lovingly worship the hero-god as the god of life and death.

\* \* \* \*

Furthermore, dear reader, the author would fain observe that although the pedigree of the printer's devil is shockingly brief, stretching back at best only to mediæval days, this mythological parvenu has intruded his obnoxious person into the hallowed precincts of our classic poem; and here follows an enumeration of his unseemly pranks.

### ERRATA.

Page 37, verse 98: A parenthesis is missing at the end of the line.

Page 55, verse 293: Read *fire* instead of *ire*.

Page 113, verse 914: Read *Cyprus* for *Cypress*.

Page 141, verse 1207, and page 155, verse 1360: Read *Melpomenos* for *Melphomenos*.

Page 160: Read (in rubric) *polytheism* for *potheism*.

Page 184: Read (in rubric) *Eleusynian* for *Elusynian*.

\* \* \* \*

## MYTHOLOGICAL GLOSSARY.

In conclusion, dear reader, lest at some remotely future day "he should wake up and find himself" prematurely "famous," and therefore desire to justify his extollers by a careful examination of this, his first mature performance, but should find himself sorely let and hindered by the then mildewed state of his Olympian lore; provident of contingencies, your author has appended (purely for his personal convenience, be it remembered) a mythological glossary, the which Professor Frederick L. Schoenle, of the University of Cincinnati, has been good enough to compile.

Dionysus was god of flippant jest as well as of bloody earnest, so his bard's soberest communication need not be taken altogether seriously; and if facetiously taken it should prove insipid, he knows you will not hesitate to provide from your own cellar a grain or two of salt with which all solemn asseverations should doubtless be seasoned even when dished in old-fashioned phrase. He laughs best who laughs at his own expense; for his mirth puts him in no neighbor's debt. Wherefore please to excuse, dear, kind, intelligent, discreet, sympathetic, long suffering, affable reader, the epistolary loquacity of your most obliged, humbly obedient servant and sincerest well-wisher,

THE AUTHOR.

# THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

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## MYTHOLOGICAL GLOSSARY.



### ADONIS (ä-dō'nis).

Son of Cinyras and Myrrha, favorite of Aphrodite, slain by a boar. The death of Adonis (Thammuz) was annually wept. He was an oriental God of nature, typifying the cycle of the seasons.

### AEGIPAN (ē'ji-pan). See *Pan*.

### AIDONEUS (a-ē-dōn'ūs).

The Invisible; the God of the nether world, son of Kronos and Rhea, brother to Zeus; one of the chief Olympians, commonly called Hades.

### APHRODITE (äf-rō-di'ty).

Goddess of love and beauty, born of the foam of the sea off the coast of Cyprus, wife of Hephaestus, paramour of Ares. Probably of Asiatic origin.

### APOLLO (ä-pol'ō).

One of the great Olympian gods, son of Zeus and Leto, brother of Artemis, born in Delos, originally identical with the Sun-god Helios. Lord of the light and life-giving, as well as of the death-dealing power of the sun; the all-seeing and all-knowing teacher of prophecy and truth; the master of sanity; the lord of healing; the god of harmony, hence of music, song, and poetry; leader of the muses, and patron of artists.

### ARIADNE (är-i-äd'ny).

Daughter of Minos, King of Crete; assists Theseus out of the

labyrinth, is abandoned by him on the island of Naxos, where Dionysus finds and weds her.

### BACCHUS (bäk'us).

The Shouter; a title of Dionysus as the riotous god. See *Iacchus*.

### BROMIOS (brō'mi-os).

The Noisy, the Boisterous; an epithet of Dionysus in his function of Fire-god in the crashing lightning and the roaring of volcanoes. In the Bacchic orgies the Bacchantes would imitate the noise of their god by the beating and thumping of drums.

### CHARITIES.

The triad, daughters of Charis [kă'ris], (the personification of social charm and beauty), better known to moderns by their Latin name, *Graces*.

### CLYMENE (klim'e-ny).

Daughter of Oceanus and Tethys, wife of Iapetus, and mother of Atlas and Prometheus.

### CYCLADES (sik'-lä-dēz).

A group of twelve islands in the Aegean Sea, forming a ring, a cycle, around the island of Delos.

### CYPRUS (sī'prus).

Name derived from its rich copper mines; favorite abode of Aphrodite.

### DANAE (dän'ä-y).

The daughter of Acrisius of Ar-

## MYTHOLOGICAL GLOSSARY.

gos. Shut up in a brazen tower by her father, lest she become mother of a son fated to slay him; there she is visited by Zeus in a shower of gold, and gives birth to Perseus (the Slayer).

### DELOS (dē'los).

The smallest island of the Cyclades, in the Aegean Sea, sacred to Apollo and Artemis, and their birthplace. According to one Greek legend it was originally a *floating island*, until Zeus fixed it to receive Leto: according to another legend it became *visible* on a sudden.

### DEMETER (de-mē'ter).

Goddess of agriculture and rural life, protectress of the home and social order, mother of Persephone, worshipped specially in Eleusis, and one of the great Olympian deities.

### DIONYSUS (dī-ō-nī'sus).

"God of the Heavenly Dew," the god of wine, the god of the fire-spirit of life, the god of enthusiastic frenzy and orgiastic worship. A god of manifold forms and manifestations, see Bromios, Bacchus, Dithyrambos, Melpomenos, Iacchus, Zagreus. Prematurely born in Thebes, of Semele, the beloved of Zeus, amid thunder and lightning, he was saved by his sire after the death of his mother. Our best source of information concerning his worship is the *Bacchae* of Euripides.

### DITHYRAMB (dith'i-ramb).

A choral song, accompanied by flutes and mimic dance, in honor first of Dionysus, afterwards of others, gods and men. Origin of the word unknown. According to the writer's conjecture the word

dithyrambos applied originally to the god himself as a special title, like Iacchus, and later came to signify the song of worship. The etymological meaning of *dithyrambos* the writer believes to be: the-fire-hurled-from-heaven.

### DRYADS (drī'adz).

Tree-nymphs, nymphs residing in trees, as their life-spirits.

### ELEUSIS (e-lū'sis).

An old city of Attica, with an ancient cult of Demeter and Persephone, seat of the famous Eleusinian mysteries.

### ELYSIAN (ē-lizh'i-an).

The Elysian fields are placed by Homer on the west border of the earth, near to Ocean; favored heroes passed there without death. Hesiod's and Pindar's Elysium is in the Islands of the Blest. From these legends arose the fabled Atlantis, and Elysium was then placed in the nether world as abode of the souls of the good, answering to Tartarus, the nether region of the damned.

### ENDYMION (en-dim'i-on).

A beautiful youth who had fallen asleep in a cave on Mount Latmus, where he was kissed by Selene (the moon).

### EROS (ē'ros).

Eros, the primeval God of love, offspring of Chaos; the creative power of affinity and union among the elements of the world; to be distinguished from Eros (Cupid), the youngest of gods, Aphrodite's sportive son.

### EUCCHARIS (ū'kā-ris).

The Graceful, an epithet of the goddess Aphrodite.

# MYTHOLOGICAL GLOSSARY.

**EVOI** (ē-woi').

Bacchanalian exclamation.

**HADES** (hā'dēz).

(a) The Lord of the nether world, identical with Aidoneus, brother of Zeus, husband of Persephone.

(b) The nether world of the spirits of the dead.

**HELLENIC** (hel-en'ic).

Grecian, from Hellenes [Greeks], inhabitants of Hellas [Greece].

**HEPHAESTUS** (he-fes'tus).

Son of Zeus and Hera, god of fire as used in art, and master of all the arts which need the aid of fire, especially of working in metal.

**HERMES** (her'mēz).

Son of Zeus and of Maia, the goddess of despatch. Hence Hermes is the messenger of the gods; the conductor of defunct spirits; the giver of good luck, with especial reference to the increase of cattle; the god of all secret dealings, of cunning, of craft, of traffic, and skill; the tutelary god of markets, roads, and of heralds.

**IACCHUS** (i-ak'us).

(a) The Oft-Shouter. The mystic name of Dionysus as companion of Demeter and Persephone in the ritual of the Eleusinian mysteries.

(b) The festal shouting-song in honor of the god.

Iacchus, originally Vi-Vacchus, is the reduplicated form of Bacchus [the shouter], hence conveys an intensified meaning.

**LETO** (lē'tō).

The hidden; daughter of the Titans, Cocus and Phoebe, goddess

of heavenly night, mother of Apollo and Artemis, god and goddess of sun and moon.

**LOXIAN** (lox'i-an).

The oblique; epithet of Apollo, originally with reference to the slanting rays of the Sun-god, then applied figuratively to the Prophet-god's ambiguous oracles.

**MAENADS** (mē'nads).

The Frenzied Ones; a general epithet of the female votaries of Dionysus, both human and divine.

**MELPOMENOS** (mel-pom'e-nos).

The Bard; an epithet of Apollo as the lyre-playing leader of the chorus of Muses. Also a special title of Dionysus in his relation to the Muses.

**MUSAGETES** (mū-saj'e-tez).

The conductor of the Muses; an epithet of Apollo.

**MUSES** (mūz'ez).

Emanations of Dionysus; according to the more usual version daughters of Zeus and Mnemosyne. At first goddesses of memory, then inspiring goddesses of song, finally goddesses of the different kinds of poetry, of the arts and sciences. No definite number is fixed in the Homeric poems; later three, afterwards nine are mentioned. The Muses are intimately connected with Apollo Musagetes.

**NAIADS** (nā'yads).

Water-nymphs; nymphs residing in springs and streams, the life-spirits of springs and streams.

**NEREUS** (nē'rē-us, or nē'rūs).

A Sea-god, father of the fifty Nereids, sea-nymphs.

## MYTHOLOGICAL GLOSSARY.

### OLYMPUS (ō-lim'pus).

The name of various sacred mountains, but especially of the mountain on the Macedonian frontier of Thessaly. In the Iliad this mountain is conceived as the seat and home of the Olympian gods, who have their mansions on the highest peak and in the dells below. The Iliad draws a sharp distinction between Mount Olympus and the firmament of heaven; but in the Odyssey the two terms seem to be identical and interchangeable.

### OREADS (ō'rē-ads).

Hill-nymphs, mountain-nymphs, nymphs residing in mountains and hills, the life-spirits of mountains and hills.

### PACTOLUS (pāk-tō'lus).

A small river in Lydia, Asia Minor, celebrated, in early antiquity, for its gold

### PAN (pän).

The god of pastures, forests, and flocks. Arcadia his main seat of worship. Son of Hermes by a Nymph; represented with goat's feet (hence the name Aegipan), horns, and shaggy hair. Sometimes conceived as surrounded by fellows like himself.

### PARNASSUS (pä-rnas'us).

A mountain ridge near ancient Delphi. The ridge has two lower peaks, about 2000 feet above sea-level. These are the twin-peaks of Roman and modern poets. But the summit rises high above these peaks, about 8000 feet above sea-level. The high ground above the two lower peaks, but below the summit of Parnassus, consists of uplands stretching about 16

miles westward from the summit. These uplands were the scene of Dionysiac festivals, as well as the haunts of Apollo, Dionysus, the Muses, and Nymphs.

### PERSEPHONE (per-sef'o-ny).

Daughter of Demeter; wife of Aidoneus; queen of the under-world, residing six months of the year in Olympus, six months in the infernal regions. Intimately associated with the mysteries of Eleusis. The etymological meaning of the name is, "she who brings [vegetation] to light."

### PHOEBUS (fē'bus).

The Shining One; an epithet of Apollo.

### POSEIDON (pō-sī'don).

Son of Kronos and Rhea, brother of Zeus; one of the chief Olympians, god of the water, especially of the sea, husband of Amphitrite.

### PROTEUS (prō'tē-us, and prō'tūs).

A sea-god, son of Oceanus and Tethys, who could assume different forms; hence *protean*.

### PYTHIAN (pith'i-an).

An epithet of Apollo, who slew the serpent or dragon Python possessed of the spirit of sooth-saying. In Delphi, at the foot of Mount Parnassus, deep under the earth the god buried the Python, from whose *rotting* remains magic vapors would rise through a chasm, to prepare the Pythia, the prophetess of the Delphic oracle, for the inspirations of Apollo. The slaying and burial of the Python [the symbol of Earth Oracular] mark the advent of the Apollinic cult in Delphi, and the absorption of the old by the new cult.



## MYTHOLOGICAL GLOSSARY.

### SATYR (sâ-ter).

Companion of Dionysus, represented with long pointed ears, snub nose, goat's tail, small budding horns behind the ears, and later with goat's legs. Sylvan deity, typifying the luxuriant growth in nature.

### SEMELE (sem'e-ly).

Daughter of Cadmus and Harmonia, mother of Dionysus by Zeus.

### SILENUS (sî-lē'nus).

Foster-father and constant companion of Dionysus; father of the Satyrs, a sylvan deity.

### STYX (stiks).

The hateful; a river of the nether world, the tenth part of the water of Oceanus; also the nymph of this river, eldest daughter of Oceanus and Tethys.

### TARTARUS (tär'tä-rus).

A deep and sunless abyss, as far below Hades, as earth is below heaven, the prison of the Titans. Later, Tartarus was either the nether world generally, synonymous with Hades, or the regions of the spirits of the damned, as opposed to the Elysian fields.

### THYRSUS (ther'sus).

The Bacchic wand, carried by the votaries of Dionysus in their orgies; a staff tipped with a pinecone, sometimes wreathed in ivy and vine-branches. The word seems to apply originally to the

resinous pine-torch used in the torch-festivals of the god.

### TITANS (ti'tanz).

A race of primordial gods, six sons and six daughters of Uranus and Gaia [Heaven and Earth], viz.: Oceanus, Coeus, Crius, Hyperion, Japetus, Kronos; Theia, Rhea, Themis, Mnemosyne, Phoebe, Tethys. At first their abode was in heaven; but when Zeus, the son of Kronos, dethroned his father, he thrust them, after a terrific struggle, into the nether darkness of Tartarus. They are the gigantic representatives of the violent forces of Chaos.

### TRITON (tri'ton).

Son of Poseidon and Amphrite, a gigantic sea-deity. Later used in the plural to denote a lower race of sea-gods, the companions of the Nereids.

### ZAGREUS (zä'grūs).

The Hunter of Life; special title of Dionysus in his relation to Hades.

### ZEPHYRUS (zef'i-rus).

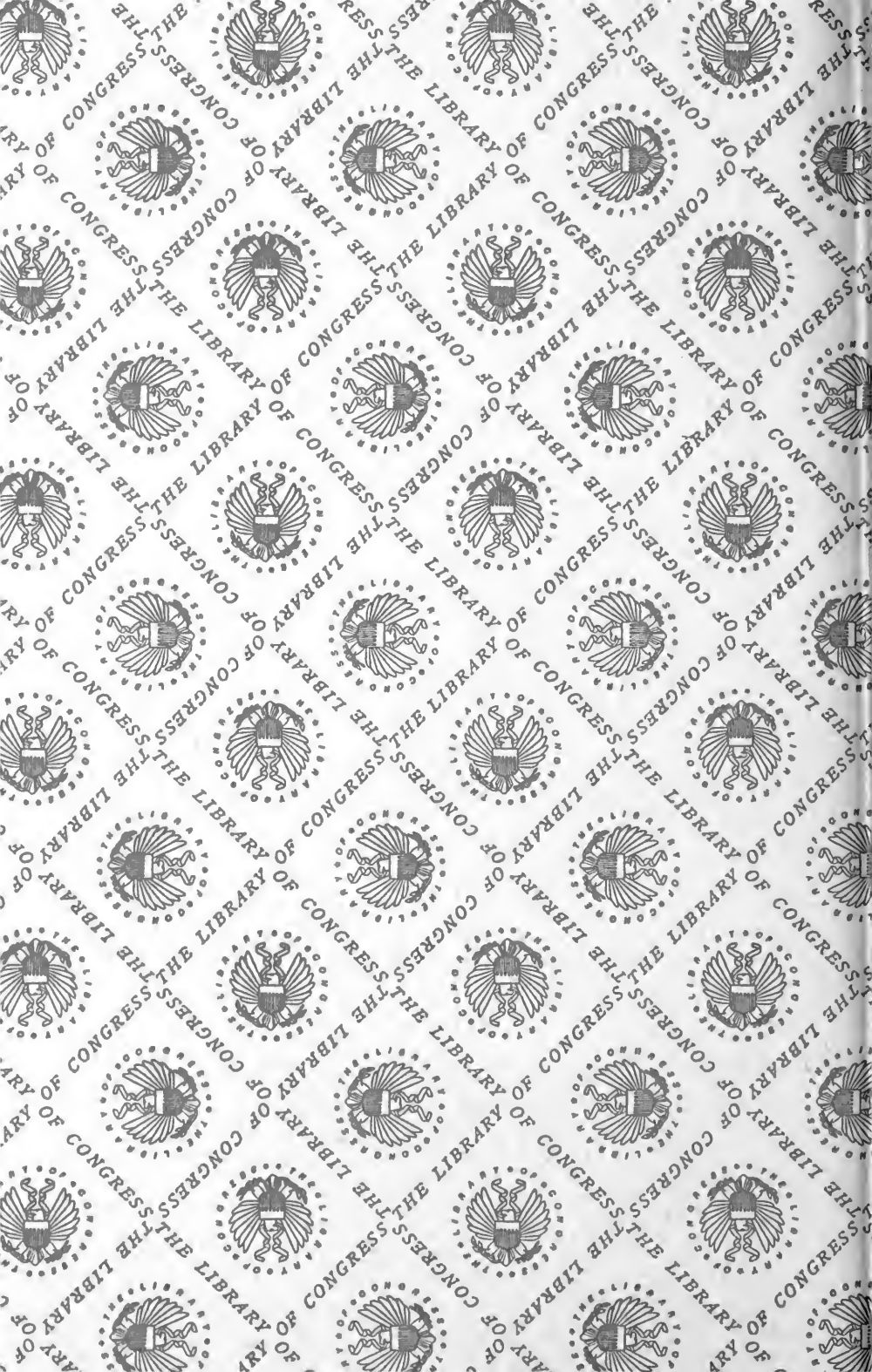
The personification of the west wind, soft and gentle.

### ZEUS (zūs).

The supreme deity of the world, the chief of the Olympian gods, son of Kronos and Rhea, king and father of gods and men, husband of Hera, lord of the starry heavens, master of all celestial phenomena.







WERT BOOKBINDING

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